THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1928

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REV. RANDALL C. PHILLIPS,

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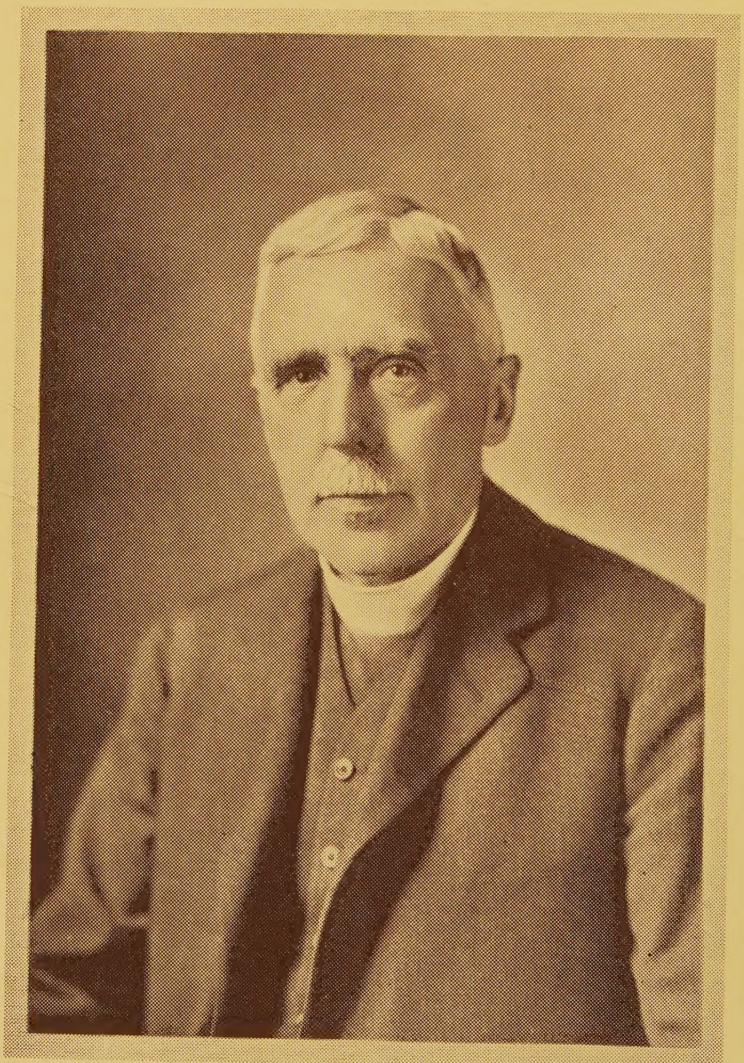


Photo] [*W. Scott, Bradford.*

Randall C. Phillips.

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 September, 1928

Our September Number

By THE EDITOR

Our Religious Life.

THE Liverpool Conference set a high tone for the year on which we now enter. The President's Inaugural brought us face to face with the stupendous changes that are taking place in the life around us. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast between the observances of religion to-day and those of two generations ago. Can we really think that the Methodist Church can flourish on one service of less than an hour and a half a week? Methodists were once known as glad propagandists of their happy faith; now many would find it difficult to comfort a stricken man in a distinctively Christian manner. The President turned our thoughts to the inner life of the church as revealed in its relation to the Bible, to fundamental doctrine, and to Christian experience. Wesley's experience in Aldersgate Street set England on fire. That was nothing less than the experience in the soul of the indwelling Christ. Without this there would have been no Wesley hymns as we know them and, in simple truth, no Methodism at all.

Methodist Union.

The Representative Session voted in favour of the application to Parliament for an Enabling Bill. Conference had decided that a majority of seventy-five per cent. must be secured to warrant such an appeal. The voting at Liverpool gave a majority of 88.4 per cent., and in the Pastoral Session of 75 per cent. The Union is to come into effect in 1932 and the first United Conference will meet in 1933. Many important adjustments will have to be made during the interval, and the Rev. E. Aldom French is now set apart to deal with these matters. Methodism never had such an opportunity for promoting the religious and moral welfare of England. Union ought to help us to concentrate our forces, should save us from the loss of energy due to overlapping, and help us to care for growing populations which make a strong appeal for due spiritual provision for themselves and their children.

The Broader View.

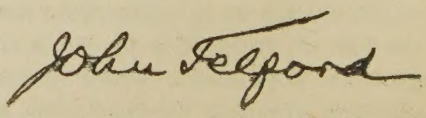
Many delightful moments at Liverpool opened before us a broader vision. Dr. Campbell Morgan took a Pisgah view of Conference and told us that Methodism was still his spiritual home. Dr. Parkes Cadman keeps his membership in his English Circuit, and was sent as a representative to Liverpool. He said 'This is the assembly of my mother church to which I owe all I am.' There was a more intimate approach to Christ to-day than there had ever been in the life of the United States. We felt profoundly thankful that such a voice as his is heard every Sunday by sixteen to twenty million people through the radio in the United States. The Open Session had a speech from the Irish President, whose portrait appears in this number, which warmed all hearts. South Africa had a similar story of progress and Bishop Johnson of the Methodist Episcopal Church showed us how streams of grace from Great Britain had spread all over the earth. Dr. Sugden brought inspiring news from Australia. Our own Foreign Missions had a great history of progress to report and the Conference refused to dream of any reduction of expenditure whilst the whole world is hungering for the gospel.

The Need to be Alive.

The world has never been more alive than it is to-day, and Dr. Lightley laid stress in his address to the Pastoral Session on the need for ministers who were alive every day of the year. The times are perilous, and unless some change is made in our secondary and university education there is danger that the future generation might lose its faith in God. The President had never been reluctant to acknowledge his debt to other Churches, but Methodism was his home. We have not always been generous to the history of the past, but the great work of God by Methodism is really just beginning.

Ministerial Obituaries.

A brief memorial service in the opening hour of the Conference expressed our sense of the loss which we had sustained in the death of the Rev. Thomas Kirkup, who had endeared himself to the whole Connexion by his devotion, his courtesy, and his high administrative ability. Arthur Hoyle's name stands out as one to whom our Methodist press owes much.



Christianity and the Modern Spirit

By A. GORDON JAMES

THE question of the relation between Christianity and the modern mind is one of great difficulty. In the first place Christianity is not by any means easy to define; or perhaps one ought to say it is not easy to frame a definition upon which all Christians will agree. Of course, we all accept certain fundamental principles as essential to the Christian faith, such for example, as the Lordship of Jesus. But when we begin to interpret those principles we fall into the utmost confusion. To one man the Lordship of Jesus signifies the altar and the mass; to another, the repudiation of all dogmas; to a third, separation from the world; to a fourth, the entire reconstruction of the social order. Between the acceptance of papal infallibility and a simple obedience to what the Quakers call the 'inner light' there is a gulf so wide as almost to amount to a difference of religion. Even in the same denomination there is wide intellectual divergence. A sentence from a letter which the writer recently received sums up the matter thus: 'In these days the Christian pulpit is giving an uncertain sound, in that the sounds heard from different pulpits or from the same pulpit at different times may be quite discordant. This was forcibly illustrated last Sunday by a sermon heard in our church.'

If Christianity conveys different meanings to different people in the same local community, what hope is there of hitting upon a definition that will satisfy all Christians everywhere?

Again, what is the modern spirit? It is sometimes an expression of the most discordant music, the most atrocious painting, the most offensive literature. To some everything that is new is good; everything that is old is bad. We must make an effort to escape from this particular form of mental tyranny. Some conventions are good and some are bad. Certain aspects of modern life are desirable and others are not. It is therefore necessary to decide upon the merits of any particular instance on other grounds than whether it is old or new.

These are some of the difficulties of the subject, and the way to avoid them is to think of the Christian religion not merely as a creed or dogma, but as a spiritual experience coming down to us from the past and verified in the present; an experience

which may be granted to each one of us individually and yet which we may share with one another. Whatever else Christianity may be, in essence it implies a fellowship with a particular kind of God in a particular kind of way. It begins by asserting that the Ultimate Reality of the Universe is like Jesus *in character*. It is this conception of religion which it is the peculiar function of the Free Churches to emphasize; for they have always insisted that the moral aspects of religion are of the first importance; and they base their claim on the moral qualities of God as set forth in the Man of Galilee. It is necessary to ask, however, whether the Christian experience of God is as valid to-day as it was once; and whether it can be applied or adapted to modern conditions of life or of thought.

Three Tendencies in Thought.

There are three outstanding tendencies of thought which are characteristic of our own time. The first is a free and unfettered spirit of inquiry. In these days nothing is taken for granted. The Bible is examined and criticized precisely in the same way as any other book. The history of Christianity is studied in the same manner as the history of Greece and Rome. A text of Scripture is regarded with no more veneration than a passage from one of Shakespeare's sonnets. There is only one question which men ask, and that is—*Is it true?* It must be admitted that from the practical standpoint of the twentieth century the most sacred beliefs of the Christian religion are regarded as open to investigation in the same way as are the beliefs of a political party; and the teaching of Jesus is scrutinized in the same way as the teaching of Aristotle.

Again, this is a scientific age. That is to say, the universe is thought of as a system of laws and forces, some of which we may not understand, but all of which are consistent with themselves and with one another. That does make a religion which is based upon the idea of a supernatural revelation extremely difficult. Miracle is hard to defend; for history is thought of as the gradual development of events under the reign of law, and any religion which demands a miracle as a basis of faith is suspect.

A third tendency is emphasized by the demand that religion should work itself out in practice in social life. The modern mind is intensely practical, and is therefore intolerant of the kind of religion which keeps itself to itself and will not prove its worth in social affairs. It is not expected that every individual Christian should be a politician. But it is assumed

that the perversion of civilization ought to be arrested by those persons who own Jesus as Lord.

These, then, are certain tendencies of modern life—to name no others; an unfettered spirit of inquiry, a scientific explanation of the universe, and an emphasis upon the social aspects of religion rather than upon its personal and more private comforts. There are those who say that we have no right to yield to these demands. They meet the eager, critical, questing spirit of the time by a kind of 'take it or leave it' attitude. They say: the Church is the custodian of all truth and you must obey; or: the Bible is the Word of God and you must accept it without question; or: Jesus is God and there is no more to be said. They point out that science and philosophy are always shifting their ground, and it is therefore better to anchor oneself in revealed truth which is changeless and unchanging, rather than follow the vagaries of the modern mind. As one who entirely disagrees with that position the writer may perhaps pay a tribute to its undoubted advantages. When one is bothered or troubled about the truth it is a great comfort to be able to fall back upon some infallible authority and rest on that. But there are many of us who do not so learn Christ. He Himself suggested that the Spirit of Truth would lead men on to fuller and deeper discoveries than it was possible for Him then to reveal, and to practical actions even greater than any He performed Himself.

Christianity, A Living, Growing Faith.

If our Lord's words be accepted as indicative of His general attitude, then Christianity is a living, growing faith rather than a once revealed and final demonstration of truth. It is no longer possible to book one's seat in the train for the New Jerusalem in advance. We must get out and walk, and it may, at times, be difficult to discover the right direction, not to mention the hardships inevitable to such a pilgrimage. If Jesus had wished to stereotype a religion He surely would have given explicit directions as to the kind of Church He desired. He would have enunciated in precise terms those dogmas which were to be received. He would have drawn an accurate plan of the form and fashion of the Kingdom of God upon earth. Nothing is more significant than our Lord's reticence. He sowed the seed in human hearts and sent His apostles out to reap the harvest without the aid of a single scrap of His own writing. He entrusted the kingdom to frail and fallible men and women, whose only guidance was the sense of His Presence in their souls and the experience they possessed of His living power. That being so,

if there is a religion in the world adequate to the demands of this age surely it is the religion of Jesus when it is set free from dogmatic forms and interpreted as a living spiritual experience.

We need therefore have no fear from the most stringent inquiry. As a matter of fact modern criticism of the Bible has done far more to make Christ credible than all the ex-cathedra judgements of the Church put together. It has given us a Christ so utterly human that the only possible explanation of that amazing humanity is that it is of the very essence of the Godhead. We do not prove our Lord's divinity from the fact that it is recorded of Him that He turned water into wine. We say that such humanity as His can only be an expression of God; for if God is not like Jesus then we do not desire to worship Him.

Again, all that science has to teach us has only shown how necessary Jesus is. The scientific doctrine of evolution finds its explanation in the Perfect Man. The long progress of humanity throughout the ages finds its goal in the Son of Man. When God created man His intention was to fashion a race of Christs. Jesus is the Perfect Man, standing at the summit of human achievement, showing what man ought to be and some day will be.

A Religion of Human Sympathy.

Finally, Christianity has in it the power of meeting all the social claims which man demands. It is a religion of human sympathy and human love. As yet we have not solved the social problem; but we do recognize that it is a problem—for which enlightenment we have Christianity to thank. It is quite an open question whether any other religion is capable of appreciating the necessity of caring for the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of man as Christianity has done. Moreover, if we were to put into practice Christian teaching and act towards one another in a Christian way, we should be well on the road towards solving all the difficulties incidental to civilized existence. The only kind of Christianity which is effective in this age or in any other is based upon spiritual experience. Even a dogmatic Church like that of Rome, exists not because of its dogmas but rather because of the spiritual experience enshrined in the souls of its saints. It is, therefore, supremely necessary that we should meet the modern demand by deepening our knowledge of God and increasing our opportunities of fellowship. Life does not stand still. It marches on. And with it there marches One who with bleeding feet and thorn-crowned brow calls men to share His sacrifice until truth is put before tradition and love is enthroned in human hearts everywhere.

America's Possible Presidents

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

IN a few weeks the United States will choose its President. How eagerly the great position is sought after may be seen from the story of Henry Clay as Mr. Lovat Fraser told it in the *London Quarterly* for July. That is a record of the past. Mr. Wilson Midgley, the New York correspondent of the *Daily News,* helps us to look into the future with his *Possible Presidents,* published by Ernest Benn (7*s.* 6*d.*).

The Man in the Street.

The President's position is entirely different from that held by the head of any other state. 'He is appointed to represent the plain American, to keep watch over Congress, and promptly to veto its action if it goes too far, to appoint his Cabinet, and then take heed to the wishes of the American people so as to keep its members within the bounds of popular desire.' The qualifications are that he must be a native-born citizen, must have resided for fourteen years in the United States, and must be not less than thirty-five years of age. Any one who fulfils those conditions is eligible for election. There is no royal road to the White House, nor even a likely road. Roosevelt was a man of means, Taft a lawyer, Wilson a university professor, Harding a newspaper owner, Coolidge, though a lawyer, was actually a professional politician. In the eyes of Americans the Presidency ranks far above the position of kings or the political heads of European states. The election is made in an atmosphere of almost frantic emotion and excitement. Each of the great parties has about a thousand delegates. It is dangerous for a candidate's name to be brought forward too early, and those with strong expectations hold back to the last possible day. The successful candidate becomes the supreme dispenser of patronage and is 'the only unifying factor in national politics.' With that Introduction we may turn to the description of possible Presidents.

President Coolidge.

Mr. Coolidge has twice stated that he does not intend to seek another term of office, but there was nothing to prevent a call upon him which would have been irresistible. He has a rare gift of silence. Every detail of his life is known, yet he remains a mystery. His silence is that of one who sees no need for words that are not required by the situation of the moment. As Vice-President he was the official diner-out, and 'stood for hours in

palm-decorated halls and drawing-rooms, silent, imperturbable, and yet remained the perfectly polite guest.' His father farmed his own land, and the family owned the village store which gave them ' a position similar to that of a squire's family in an English village.' Calvin Coolidge studied at Amherst University, and its old students resolved to push his fortunes. He was a Republican and a member of the Senate of Massachusetts. They resolved to make him Lieutenant-Governor of the State. His nomination as Vice-President was unexpected. The delegation from Massachusetts intended to vote for Senator Lennroot when the babel of voices quieted down. The chairman called for silence, and some nonentity shouted the name of Coolidge. He was regarded as the man who had stilled the Boston police strike with a single breath, and he won the nomination. A few months after he became Vice-President the death of President Harding brought him to the White House. That was the crown of thirty years' progress from one paid position to another. ' In four years he has saved about £60,000 out of his salary and expenses, an example to a profligate nation, if ever there was one.' Mr. Midgley says he has contributed nothing to politics, but has turned the American Government into one glorious and extended business. He is trusted as incorruptible, and as a religious man moved by an abiding sense of duty.

Herbert Hoover.

Hoover is a fine specimen of the real American. His father, who was blacksmith in an Iowa village, and a dealer in agricultural implements, died when he was six; his mother, who became a Quaker preacher, died when he was ten. Her two boys were brought up by relations, who passed them on from one to another. Herbert saved up all he earned with a view to entering a Quaker college, but when his uncle in Oregon became a land dealer, the boy entered his offic and gradually became the backbone of the business. At last he gave up his thoughts of college and resolved to become a mining engineer. He studied at the California University founded by Senator Stanford, and introduced system into the athletic finances. His own resources ran so low that at the end of his course he had to borrow the price of his ticket for the commemoration ball. At first he had to push cars of ore underground as a common labourer. Then he applied for a post in the leading mining consultant in California. ' The expert was turning him away, when he succeeded by a bluff in getting a job as a typist. Within a

few days papers came his way involving a case in the very region where he had spent his summer. He gave his employer invaluable new information which won his case for him. As a result of the quality of his reports the solemn and self-reliant young Quaker was sent to investigate some mines in New Mexico.' He took a revolver and a gun and had some thrilling adventures. His next post was in New South Wales, where he had a salary of £1,000 a year. When he arrived the mining boom was over, and he had to save what was possible from the wreck. He condemned mine after mine as worthless; quelled rebellions against his American methods, and exerted an influence in the London mining market by his cabled reports. Then he returned to California for the banker's daughter whom he had fallen in love with as a student. Their first home was in Tien-tsin, where the young man of twenty-four was the medium between British investors and the corrupt and effete Chinamen. After the perils of the Boxer rising he became partner in a leading mining firm and surveyed mines in America, Burma, Siberia, Africa, and the Malay Peninsula. He made a fortune and a reputation, and when a partner's frauds wiped out his fortune, he set himself to build up again one of the biggest mine-managing concerns in the world. His home in London became a travel-centre for Americans.

Hoover's War Work.

When the war broke out he had just returned from California. He set himself to help his countrymen and women who were rushing home from the Continent and found themselves in London with only worthless paper in their hands. He took rooms at the Savoy Hotel, organized a three-shift staff, and with his friends raised £40,000 to help the returning crowd. Then he undertook to provide food for the starving Belgians. When the United States entered the war he became Food Administrator at Washington, and showed foresight and organizing skill at which the world wondered. After the Armistice he became good Samaritan to a starving Europe. He exchanged surplus wheat in one country for surplus coal in another, and out of the profits fed millions of children. President Harding made him Secretary of Commerce; he has won the Republican nomination, and if he is elected President he will labour for the enrichment of the world through increasing its resources, and using those resources in a way that will promote the general well-being.

Alfred Smith.

Governor Smith of New York Mr. Midgley thinks ' beyond

compare the most suitable candidate in America for high political office,' but his Roman Catholicism and his connexion with Tammany are such disadvantages that no other man with them would have been given a moment's thought. ' He has the gift that Mr. Lloyd George had in his palmiest platform days, that, when every other speaker has taken an issue and wrung the poor thing dry of significance or meaning or interest, he can in a few touches have it leaping with life.' He has no interest save politics, but he carries them home to the realities of life, and has gained a power in the State of New York greater than even Roosevelt enjoyed. At seven he was an altar boy, at ten he was selling newspapers. For seven years he worked at a fish stall in New York. Then Tammany gave him employment. He developed a passion for amateur acting, and worked hard to help his priest to feed three hundred orphans. He would let everything go rather than he disloyal to his Church. Tammany made him a member of the State Assembly at Albany. Mr. Midgeley says he has changed Tammany by being open about everything he does, and has moved it to high and disinterested purposes. ' How it will growl and purr and lash its tail in a frenzy of desire for the juicy prequisites of national government, should he be elected President, is another story.' He has always been opposed to Prohibition, but as the law exists he holds it to be a sacred duty to enforce it. There are manifest objections to such a candidate, but he has won the Democratic nomination, and Mr. Midgeley thinks that ' excluding Wilson, he would be the best President since Roosevelt, and perhaps prove more capable of realizing his ideals than either.'

Dawes and Lowden.

General Dawes organized Illinois for McKinley, and was rewarded with the post of Controller of Currency. When thrown out of office he built up his fortune as a banker. As soon as America entered the war he rushed to the side of his old friend, General Pershing, and almost lived with him throughout the campaign. After the Armistice he was made Director of the Budget, and showed savings of a hundred million dollars. An annual deficit was wiped out by a properly balanced plan of spending. He is Vice-President, and though he is a man of bluster and noise he has sat like a mouse for nearly four years in the Senate, but if he were President and wished to be unrestrained he would be provocate, reckless, offensive.

Frank Lowden is perhaps the nearest approach to an English squire that America can show. He is a distinguished lawyer

and former Governor of Illinois. Were he sent to the White House he would be a party man like President Coolidge. He earned the grateful acknowledgements of General Pershing for the way he had kept control of the pro-German element in Chicago during the war, and as President he would have the farming interests and the enormous banking influence of the Middle West behind him.

Senator Borah and Curtis.

The real voice of America's foreign policy is Senator Borah, who represents Boise, the capital of Idaho. He won his reputation there as lawyer for the big mining companies and as a courageous public official. He was chosen senator in 1907, and has held a unique position in American life ever since. For some years he led a young men's Bible class in Washington. He is one of the busiest of politicians. He has stood for justice for working men and trade unionism as fearlessly as he has attacked big business interests.

Charles Curtis is more like a European statesman than any other member of the Senate. He joins good nature to gracious and easy manners. His French great grandfather married the daughter of an Indian chief, and Charles Curtis was brought up on an Indian farm, became a noted boy jockey, and finally drifted into a legal partnership. He married, and became a good member of the Methodist Church. By and by he was chosen as a Republican whip, and when elected to the Senate he has made its work run like a time-table. It seems probable that the Senate loves him too much as its leader to give him up to the country as President.

Reed and Henry Ford.

Senator Reed is the Clemenceau of the United States, who gives ' a tigerish impression of scarce-restrained violence.' His chief idea is independence for states, for men, for nations, and he acts with a defiant courage which seems as if it could not be thwarted in anything.

Not the least interesting Presidential possibility is Henry Ford. His feeling for machines is almost second nature. Those about him worship him. He stands for efficiency. For him the ideal man is the worker. The kindness of his heart is shown in his delightful Christmas parties for children. He is too busy to be a candidate at present, ' but four years hence he may have written the familiar signature across the world again with such a flourish that he will be called upon to Fordise the United States.'

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

IX THE POWER OF PRAYER

OUR Lord was far more concerned with the spiritual benefits to be gained by prayer than with its material blessings. He did, indeed, teach us to make known our physical needs when we approach the throne of grace. But that is the smallest part of prayer. Its main concern is with the deep things of the spirit. Prayer is not an instrument for working marvellous and purposeless miracles. Jesus told us that faith as a grain of mustard seed will move mountains into the sea. But it would be foolish to imagine that faith, if it were only strong enough, could remove Snowdon into the Atlantic, and even if this could be done, it would be but a poor issue to our prayers. There are mountains mightier than Snowdon in the moral life—mountains that can only be removed by casting ourselves upon God.

Our Lord urged the importance of cultivating the spirit of prayer, as well as of observing fixed times of prayer. He was wont to seek the mountain-top and the desert place that He might give Himself to undisturbed communion with God. And we, too, need the fixed times during which we may shut ourselves up alone that we may examine ourselves before God and enter into fellowship with Him. But to pray in the morning and then to go out to business to spend the day isolated from the great Spirit is not to pray as Jesus prayed. Our whole life must be lived in the spirit of prayer.

Those who labour in coal-mines give themselves to their work undisturbed by any anxiety as to the outside atmosphere, and yet everything is done in implicit faith that the mine is in constant communication with the air above, and every stroke of the pickaxe depends on the strength derived from breathing that air. In the hours of business we must give our attention to our immediate task. We cannot do our work and at the same time meditate on sacred subjects. But we can live in continual communion with the spiritual atmosphere which is above us, and the quality of our work and character will bear witness to the higher atmosphere that we breathe. Prayer is constant, unbroken communion of man with God. As Thomas à Kempis wrote, ' Without a friend thou canst not live well, and if Jesus be not above all a friend to thee, thou wilt be very sad and desolate.'

I. *Prayer gives vision.* Prayer inspires. It deepens our intuitions, widens our knowledge and enlarges our vision. Many a missionary and social reformer has seemed to himself to have reached mountains of difficulty that were unscaleable. In his helplessness he has knelt down and cast himself upon God, and he has risen possessed of a vision that can see beyond the mountains, and in the inspiration of that vision he has climbed them, so that figuratively he has removed them into the midst of the sea.

If we read the Gospels we find that vision followed prayer in the case of Jesus. As the days went by, He became increasingly conscious of the nature of the work to which He had been called. The end was a glorious one, but great mountains stood in the way and the most terrible of all was Calvary. And as He prayed He was nerved for the conflict. His vision of ultimate triumph became clearer, the love that inspired Him grew deeper, and when He rose from His knees, He had cast the mountains into the sea, and He spoke to His disciples of His coming sufferings as one who was going forth to a glorious victory.

There are many mountains which face us in the Christian life, which we might cast into the depth of the sea, had we but the faith to pray. We sit down in front of them thinking that they cannot be climbed, and we pray to God to remove them. But if we prayed for strength to climb them, there would come to us such an enduement of power as would enable us to forget their height. We should climb them, and thus, as it were, cast them into the depths of the sea.

II. Prayer therefore *achieves something.* It is work. It is not merely adoration and worship. It not only gives us vision so that we see beyond the mountains. It actually removes the mountains.

The change wrought by prayer is not so much in outward circumstances as in ourselves. The outward circumstances may remain the same, but prayer gives us the mastery over them. The difficulties of life have to be mastered within rather than without. This can be illustrated even apart from the religious life.

Christopher Columbus believed that there was an undiscovered land away to the West. ' Very possibly,' said his contemporaries, ' but there is a wide and stormy expanse of ocean between you and it, and you will never cross it.' But Columbus had faith and determination and perseverance. In spirit he mastered the difficulties and for him the stormy sea did not exist. The

Atlantic was not a barrier, but the way along which he must travel to his goal.

So with the difficulties of the Christian life. God does not miraculously sweep them out of the way when we pray, but He kindles within us a faith which makes impassable barriers and insurmountable obstacles as though they were non-existent. Every valley is exalted, and every hill is brought low, and a straight path is made along which we advance triumphantly. That is the miracle of prayer. It transforms the man who was a slave of his surroundings into their master.

There are many obstacles to the growth of the Christian life, and to the spread of the Kingdom of God. We feel that we could accomplish so much if only our circumstances were different. If God would only sweep away those barriers and obstacles, what progress we should achieve and how we should hasten the triumph of His kingdom. We pray so earnestly that these mountains may be removed, and still they tower above us, blocking our path. But Christ says to us—you can surmount them, though you cannot remove them. If you live in fellowship with God and cast yourself upon His omnipotent aid, you can mount up with wings as eagles, and for you barriers will become non-existent. You will cast them into the sea.

> Lord, what a change within us one short hour
> Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make.
> What heavy burdens from our bosoms take.
> What parchèd grounds refresh as with a shower.
> We kneel, and all around us seems to lower.
> We rise, and all the distant and the near
> Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
> We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

By 'faith' I mean not the intellectual acceptance of a creed but that personal trust and confidence in an Unseen Being to which the religious in all ages have attributed their power to 'overcome the world.' No one with a grain of psychological insight can doubt that the actions of men like St. Paul, St. Francis, John Wesley or Henry Martyn were as really shaped by such a personal trust as were the actions say of the soldiers of Wellington or Napoleon by their confidence in their leader. Their actions could hardly have been more conformed to their belief if that belief had been exchanged for the face-to-face knowledge which they were assured would one day consummate it. And by 'mountains' I mean chiefly all that in the light of modern science and philosophy constitutes the impossibility of this consummation. . . . By 'faith removing mountains,' then I mean realizing its object and so justifying itself by the actual experience and knowledge of what has been hoped for while yet unseen.

—James Ward, *Essays in Philosophy.*

The Little Hero

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE

The Author, Ramsay Guthrie, is Rev. J. G. Bowran, the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

THE Methodists of Black Dene were in high elation. For five years they had continued the agitation, and at last they had won their way. Next to the church in the City, the Society in Black Dene was the most important in the Bishopstown circuit. They counted a great membership and the Sunday school had some hundreds of scholars. They wanted a minister to live with them.

Jim Taylor had ably stated their case. 'We waant a mineester,' he had said decisively at the great meeting of the circuit officials, and he fixed his fiery eyes on the solid stewards at the table. 'We're not content wi' a bit visit noos an' thens. A fine young fella could make his name in a place like oors. He could apply the Gospel on social lines an' dae aall sorts o' things for the betterment o' the folks. We could hev classes, an' readin'-corcles, an' debates, an' missions. He wad be there for weddin's an' funerals, an' the babbies could be christened at ony time. I wonder ye divvent see how wise we are an' forward-lookin'!'

To settle the question it was determined to engage an additional minister, 'a brand new-starter,' fresh from the College, and that he should be set down in Black Dene.

Jim gave the Superintendent the straight tip. 'Noo that ye've aall agreed to be canny an' sensible, I hope the Gineral there'all dae his best. We waant the best man that's on the list. There's mineesters an' mineesters, some forst-class, some middlin', an' some nowt at aall. If the Gineral likes, he can fix us up splendiferously. If he did, Black Dene'll back him for iver an' iver; if he dissent, he'll get a bonny big black mark!'

Jim smiled at the Superintendent and winked. They were bosom friends.

Of course, the new minister would need apartments, and Nancy Greener was approached. As the widow of the old colliery manager, she had been permitted to remain in one of the 'gaffer's hooses.' Nancy was keen for the honour. 'Money was nae object.' The presence of the minister would be the best reward. She lost no time in fitting up the rooms. The book-shelves were put in, and a new paraffin lamp was purchased.

Nancy was impatient for the day. Jim Taylor was permitted to see the consecrated rooms.

'Nancy, hinney!' was his hearty cry, 'I knew thoo wad dae the thing in style. I nivver saaw two bonnier rooms. The President o' the Conference wad be honoured wi' a home like this!'

As the leader of the Lodge, Jim had been in to the City for the Union Quarterly Meeting. The business done, he had called to see the Superintendent. Great news he had for the Methodists on his return.

'Lads!' he cried, after the morning service, as a group of the men lingered at the chapel gates, 'the aald Gineral's capped us grandly. The top man's doon for Black Dene. Ye'll hev heerd o' Brodie, the Riverind Andrew Brodie? He was a greet man in his day in the North Country, a tarrible scholar an' a mighty preacher. Poor chap! he died quite early. It's Brodie's son that's doon for us. The thing's mirac'lous. They caall him Keith, Keith Brodie, an' he hes letters tiv his name!'

The folks were out to see the astonishing sight. The minister had sent his books in advance. One of the colliery carts had been in to the City station to bring them out. The boxes formed a gigantic pyramid at Nancy's door.

Jim Taylor scratched his head.

'Weel, I'm jiggered!' he exclaimed. 'He'll be a Solomon if he hes the gist o' haalf o' these in his noddle. We'll mebbies not like to speak to him, he'll be that wise!'

The appointed day brought the minister—the minister and his mother.

Nancy, as she afterwards confessed, was 'kind o' taken aback.'

'I could not allow my darling Keith to come alone,' the little woman excitedly explained. 'He was nervous and frightened. We have never been parted. Oh! I do hope he will settle and get on well! He is so different from his father. . . . Oh! don't put yourself to trouble! I can stay for a few days at an hotel. . . . No hotel?' she gasped. 'You are quite sure that I will not put you to inconvenience? . . . I just want to see him settled, and then. . . . Well, I will see. I may go back to London, or I may spend a few months in Bishopstown!'

She was the 'tiniest woman-body' Nancy had ever seen, and the 'fidgetiest.' Her little face, with the peering glasses, her long grey curls, her old-world dress and bonnet, made her the drollest of objects.

Nancy needed not to be told that the minister was his mother's

boy. He was ridiculously small, and absurdly boyish-looking. His attire seemed to intensify his diminutiveness. Nancy suggested tea as a relief to the situation. The little woman was affable and voluble. The girdle-cakes were 'lovely,' and the tea 'sublime.' Nancy knew her lodger's history ere the meal had ended.

'We have been together all the years,' the proud and anxious mother went on. 'His poor father never would take care of himself. I was determined that Keith should never have the chance. . . . I saw him to school each day and met him as he returned. . . . When he went to College, I put up in Manchester to be near him. Colleges are dreadful places for boys like Keith! Fancy Keith sewing buttons on and darning his socks! And then, the food! These College cooks are awful, and the fare is the plainest conceivable! No variety, you know! Brown bread and marmalade and everlasting porridge! The boy would have been dead but for me!'

That night Jim Taylor called to give the minister welcome. He stood aghast on the threshold. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

'Marcy me!' was his inward groan. 'He's just a bairn!'

The minister's blue eyes and pleading face touched him to pity.

'Noo, hinney, thoo's landed at last.' He made an effort to disguise his despair. 'Thoo's the forst mineester we've had to live in Black Dene, an' I hope an' trust thoo'll be happy an' that we'll aall be as kind as can be!'

Jim had intended to put the new minister on his mettle at the start. The stalwart collier was downcast. He believed that the Superintendent had duped them.

The minister's mother had descended ere he left, and to her he was introduced. 'Ah, yes!' she repeated. 'Mr. Taylor, Mr. James Taylor,' she smiled, as she peered into his eyes. 'You'll be a steward, or a class-leader or a preacher. Just so! A preacher! . . . You'll be kind to my boy, won't you? He is so clever, too clever! But you'll love him? I know you will. You *must*!'

In her excitement, she stroked Jim's great rough hand.

There was a group waiting for Jim at the corner. They were full of inquiries.

'Why, lads!' he laughed, 'he's a little 'un, an' lass-like, but canny an' nice. The womanfolks 'll tak' tiv him like aall that. Oor Mary'll waant to cuddle him. He hes a nice winsome look

aboot him, an' he's as gintle as a dove. . . . I think we'll leave him abee till Sunday. . . . I forgot to tell ye that his mother's here. Of course, it was only nateral for her to waant to see where he was to be.'

'Weel?' That was Mary's greeting as he entered the open door. He deliberately shut the door and turned the key, then, dropping on the settle, he laughed and cried.

'Mary, hinney, the thing's a farce. We were lookin' for a leader, a man of might and main. We've getten a little pee-dee, wi' white cheeks, an' tiny hands, an' soft blue eyes. He dorna say Boo! tiv a sheep.'

Mary advised silence and patience.

The Sunday seemed long in coming, but it dawned at last, and the new minister was in the pulpit. His gentle voice created stillness. So simply he prayed! He spoke as if they were all conversant with history and science and the boundless facts of biography. Everybody listened, even the big lads who were the pests of the preachers.

Nobody knocked at doors in Black Dene. *He* knocked gently and waited to be invited. He shook hands with every one in the room. He could not disguise his horror when he saw the coal-stained colliers performing their ablutions in the kitchens.

The mothers were in terror when the christenings came. 'He'll drop that bairn as sure as life,' one whispered when he made his first attempt. He scattered all fears and won all hearts when he stooped and kissed the tiny face.

Jim Taylor and the stalwarts held their peace. He was not the style they had wanted. He lacked the public force, the gifts of popular leadership.

'Man!' Jim declared to the Superintendent, 'he's a canny lad is Keith Brodie. He waddent hort a moose. He should hev been a lass. But mind, he's sweet, an' clivvor, and good. Of course, he's not my sort. I waanted a pulpit-thumper, a bit of a demagogue, a reg'lar teer-away. Mebbies the next un'll be reet. But no, there's plenty o' time. I waddent say a word to hort Mr. Brodie for the world. Oor Mary worships him and says the hoose feels sweeter when he's been.'

. . . . . .

Black Dene was in the jaws of death. The scourge descended in the third year of the little minister's residence. Small-pox was in the place. Black Dene was cut off and isolated. None were allowed to leave. None were anxious to come.

The school was closed and transformed into a hospital. The

doctor was almost driven off his feet, and there were none to help, save the plucky schoolmistress and the little minister. Keith Brodie was the same sweet soul, yet different. The horror had given him courage. He was the doctor's right-hand man. He burst into tears when he heard the truth from Mary Taylor. Jim was stricken.

'Oh, Mr. Taylor, I am so sorry. I never thought that you would take it. We must all be brave and do our best. Let me pray a word!'

Jim's eyes were full of tears.

'Aa hinney! Ye're an angel!' he cried, 'a parfect, blessed angel. Black Dene wad be the Black Hole if it wassent for thoo. Keep away from me! It's matterless whee takes the pox sae lang as thoo escapes!'

Keith Brodie could have shrieked in anger. There was his mother in Nancy's kitchen.

'Mother! Mother! Why have you come? What madness! You are not kind. You are cruel!'

She was quite haughty in her answer.

'If your duty is here, my duty is at your side. Do you think I could stay in London when you were in the midst of this horrible scourge?'

'For God's sake, do not touch me!' he cried.

She would have held him to her heart and kissed him.

The plague was slackening when he became its prey. The little schoolmistress was the first to notice it.

'Oh, Mr. Brodie, do go home! Go and rest!'

She did not dare to express her fear. Within an hour she called to see him. He was fully conscious of his state.

'Tell my mother to keep away from me!' he commanded. 'Tell her that, if she attempts to enter my room, I will get up and lock the door!'

The minister thought that his word had been effective. He never knew till afterwards. That night, she, too, was stricken. The schoolmistress had both to tend.

'Don't tell him I am ill,' the mother pleaded. 'I am dying,' she whispered to the schoolmistress. 'I should never have come, but how could I help it? Give him my love! Kiss him by and by for me!'

She was buried before he knew that she was dead.

The doctor groaned and the schoolmistress hid her face to cover her tears. The little minister's face was branded with the disease. To the end of life he would show the odious marks.

Far away he was sent for rest and change, and Black Dene was lost without him. Jim Taylor was wearying for the sight of his face.

Who can forget the day of his return? The cab was met a couple of miles from the colliery, the horse taken from the shafts, and crowds of cheering people brought him on his way. At Nancy's door the women gathered, and the children. They tugged at his coat and shouted his praises. Many caught his hands and kissed them. All eyes were wet when his face was seen. Of all who had recovered, he alone was scarred.

'Where is the schoolmistress?' he asked of Nancy at length, when he was able to speak to her alone. 'Has *she* come back?'

'She had her welcome yisterday! She's hidin' ahint the screen!'

He found her confused and blushing.

'I wanted to see your welcome,' she stammered. 'They have all been counting the hours for your return. How they love you! And so they ought!'

'And *you*? I wish I had seen your welcome. You were the heroine of the plague!'

Nancy beamed upon them. She knew what would happen.

A Manse was built when the hero and the heroine were wed.

He has passed to spheres of higher fame, but he often comes back to Black Dene. In the hearts of the humble and the good he is eternally enthroned.

At Close of Day

By MARY SKINNER

His hand was weary, it had borne the load;
  His fingers ached, for they had carved the stone;
His feet were tired, he had walked afar;
  He rests where grass is green: his mind alone
Works on, and with the inner eye he sees
  A being noble, full of life, and fair,
Unwearied, strong of heart to plan and build
  A garden house of stately beauty rare.

Then stood there One beside him whom he knew
  As Master Builder, who had set the task:
His words were kind—'Be of good cheer, my friend!
  Your best is given and no whit I ask.
Your mansion waits within the Father's house,
  Thither I lead you to your heart's desire,
Adorned with goodliest pearls and costly stones,
  Inwrought with gold thrice purified by fire.'

The Diary of John Waterhouse

AN EARLY METHODIST PREACHER

II

The Luddites.

IN August 1812, I went to Conference at Leeds, and was appointed to the Huddersfield Circuit with Mr. J. Stamp, at the time that the parties calling themselves Luddites were breaking machinery and committing the grossest outrage on property and lives. The known loyalty of Methodist preachers and our public and unqualified disapproval of their proceedings provoked the ire of these men not a little. At open day on the high road about two miles from Huddersfield, Mr. Horsefall, a merchant, was shot. Mr. Waterhouse of Halifax was to be their next victim; so that neither my name nor profession afforded me any guarantee as to my being held harmless in case of an assault. Consequently, on my return from preaching one evening, when near Sir Joseph Radcliffe's (a magistrate who by his decided conduct greatly served the country at this revolutionary period), I was surrounded by about a dozen men, who seized the bridle of my horse, demanding my name. I said, 'Waterhouse.' They said, 'That will not do for us,' and sprang upon me with fury. But providentially they had not secured my feet, and that horse, feeling the spurs and affrighted with so many men, galloped off; and it was impossible to stop him until I reached home, when he trembled exceedingly. For this I saw cause to give thanks unto Him who was my deliverer and keeper.

During this season of general excitement my mind was calm and stayed on God; but towards the latter end of the year, inattention to the more private exercises of religion occasioned the consolations of God to be small with me, my faith became weak. From this drooping state I was rescued by the following gracious interposition of God Almighty. One Sunday night, returning from preaching in the country, my horse fell. I was thrown off, with one foot in the stirrup and my head on the ground. The horse set off at full speed; but in a moment the stirrup leather broke as if cut by a knife, and I sustained no injury except a bruise on the shoulder.

At the Liverpool Conference of 1813, having finished my four years' probation, I was received into full connexion as an accredited minister, and was appointed a second year to Huddersfield with Mr. Braithwaite. A more agreeable man never lived.

On August 12 of this year I was married to Jane Beadnell Skipsey, who accompanied me to Huddersfield, where the friends received us kindly and endeavoured in every possible way to add to our comfort. During this period I had many painful exercises from the circumstances of our attempting to recover a chapel which the Kilhamites in the plenitude of their zeal had wrested from us; and though we succeeded, many ill-natured things were said of us, and I had not learned to take it patiently, when we did well, and suffered for it.

Belief in Providence.

In the winter I had another manifestation of the care of my Heavenly Father. There was a heavy fall of snow, and especially while I was preaching in the country; so that on my return home, the night being dark and every place covered with snow, the wind and weather rendering it difficult to see the road and pondering in my mind as to where it was, the horse fell. Over his head I went, and he came rolling after, but providentially not so as to hurt me. I crept from my bed of snow, and then found we had fallen over a heap of stones into a ditch. What way to go I knew not, but resolved to make my horse the guide, trusting in God, through whose goodness I reached home in safety.

It pleased God to give me favour in the sight of the people and a few seals to my ministry; but a deep sense of unworthiness and unfaithfulness as a Christian almost overwhelmed me.

1814. At the Bristol Conference I was appointed to Sunderland with Messrs. G. Marsden and E. Batty. My wife having gone to Shields to secure the affectionate and valuable care of her mother during her confinement, I hastened to see her and my first-born child (Jane Middleton). The weather being wet, I took a bad cold, and was not able to enter on my work with that comfort to myself which was desirable, and, as the sequel proved, sooner than I ought to have done. We had great harmony among the preachers and their wives, the Society a band of love, congregations large and a pleasing prospect of usefulness. But God, whose way is in the sea, turned our joy into mourning. September 26, Mr. Batty's lovely child took ill, and soon died. Mrs. Batty was confined during Ellen's illness,

and she died also. The death of such a woman, though she died in the full triumph of faith, was to her husband and friends a painful stroke of divine Providence.

In the beginning of December I found myself far from well, and on Sunday morning, the 11th, having to walk four miles to preach, I was unable to accomplish it on foot, and borrowed a horse. After preaching in the morning, I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and with great difficulty rode home. A physician was called in, who declared my state dangerous.

Ill-Health and Retirement.

During this period, my case exciting universal interest, I shared the sympathy of the community at large; the Church of Christ were unceasing in their prayers to God for me; and my wife was not a little relieved, by opening the Bible for consolation in the depths of my suffering, when her eyes fixed on these words—Job. xxxiii. 25. In a few months, a change of air being considered beneficial, I went to my native village in Yorkshire, and Mr. Naylor wished me to spend a few weeks with him at Bramley. During my stay there I had another attach of inflammation in the chest, which confined me to bed for some time. When it was deemed prudent to remove, I took chaise and went to my father's house, where I was ill in body and dejected in mind. But God heard my prayer, and filled me with joy unspeakable. While pleading with Him in the name of my great Mediator, I was enabled to believe that God, who had comforted me, could also restore me; and from that time I recovered rapidly.

Soon after this I visited my old friends at Huddersfield, who showed me no little kindness. But a new temptation assailed me. It was the opinion of the medical men that, although I might live for many years, I should not be able to discharge the important duties of an itinerant minister, and I must decline all thoughts of public speaking. Under this persuasion I arranged to go into partnership with two gentlemen in mercantile business; but before it was finally settled the Revs. G. Marsden and R. Reece wished to have an interview with me. They said it was a temptation. I had been raised up in answer to the Church, and God they believed intended me to labour in that Church, &c. This induced me to commit my cause into the hands of my Heavenly Father and patiently wait His will. Consequently at the Conference of 1815 I was set down as a Supernumerary at South Shields.

Appointed to Reading.

In February 1816 medical men gave it as their opinion that the sea air in the north, especially in spring, when the winds prevailed from the east, would be injurious to me. The Rev. James Wood was at that time Chairman of the London District, and, hearing of this, addressed a letter to me, saying the infant Society in Reading was without a pastor, and, if I would go, there was a house and furniture for me; and though I could not preach often, yet I might be the means of benefiting them in another way till Conference. I considered this a providential call, and we went without delay. On my arrival there, after recovering from the fatigue of travelling, I rallied amazingly, and in a few weeks was able to take the entire work of the circuit. The Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people, and in a short time the increase of the Society and congregation was such as called for a chapel. Hitherto they had occupied a schoolroom.

August 15.—I have been at the Conference held in London. All was peace and harmony. Mr. James Methlay is appointed with me to the Reading circuit. May our mutual efforts be crowned with the blessing of God. We are now about to build a new chapel. Lord give me that wisdom which is from above. Help me to discharge my duty as a private Christian, the head of a family and a minister of Christ. This has been a year of great harmony. We have now a comfortable chapel, persons whom we never expected to be hearers have taken sittings, and a few have been converted to God.

August 1817.—By the desire of our friends the Conference have seen good to reappoint myself and Mr. Methley to this circuit. The friends are now desirous of enlarging the chapel we built last year; the Lord direct us in this matter.

June 1818.—The chapel has been enlarged, and opened by the Revs. Messrs. Watson, Bunting, Marsden, and Buckley. Mr. Methley is going to marry, and must leave. On many acounts I should like to leave, but the friends are urgent for me to stay. The will of God be done.

August 1818.—The Conference has been held at Leeds, which has given me an opportunity of seeing my relatives and friends. The Lord bless them all. At the Conference Mr. Bramwell took me by the hand, and said in his wonted way, ' God bless you, Brother Waterhouse. We all thought you would have gone to heaven long since; but the Lord has spared you. How is it with you? How is it with your soul?' The question did me good;

my mind has been much quickened. What piety, zeal, patient forbearance, diligence, and perseverance are requisite for a Methodist preacher! Who is sufficient for these things? I set out to my circuit early in the morning, and met Mr. John Nelson, who, shaking hands with me, said, 'Brother Waterhouse, this is solemn work.' I said, 'What?' He replied, 'Mr. Bramwell was walking a few yards from where we now are to the coach office and fell dead.' The event was sanctified to my good.

December 8.—I have returned from Wokingham, where the Lord has in a remarkable manner opened our way. I have been very unwell this journey; and what am I this night?—a spark kept alive on the ocean, a bubble unbroken on the water.

August 1819.—At the request of the London East Circuit the Conference has appointed me to them with Messrs. Atmore, Sutcliffe, S. Taylor, and Bunting. I am very unfit for such a circuit; but this I only tell the Lord and my wife.

April 1820.—I have travelled with great comfort to this circuit, and have had enough to keep body and soul together without diminishing my little property, as in Reading.

April 1821.—In the latter end of last month I was taken ill of an inflammation in my lungs, and little hope was entertained of my recovery. Mr. Ramer, surgeon, paid me the utmost attention, and Dr. Hamilton gave advice, prayers, and unremitting attention ever worthy of such a man. During this period my mind was much affected at the prospect of leaving a wife in daily expectation and four small children unprovided for; but God, spake Jeremiah xlix. 11, 'Leave thy fatherless children,' &c. In this affliction I was more the subject of tranquillity than rapture. One Sunday, when it had reached the crisis, Dr. Hamilton called; and after a few questions as to my state, he said in a very impressive manner, 'God is here; let us pray.' Kneeling down at the foot of the bed, he said, 'Lord God, this is Thy servant, Thy son; his case is critical, and Thine unworthy dust is at a loss what to do. Give directions for the sake of Jesus Christ.' Afterwards he wrote a prescription, and the medicine was immediately obtained. But I should remark at the same time Mr. Bunting was engaged in fervent prayer for me in City Road Chapel, and God was pleased to heal me.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

IX. ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF CIRCUITS

In sorrow's cloud, in trouble's sea,
Baptized afresh, O Lord, to Thee,
While every joy that round us springs
A eucharistic gladness brings,
Each journey done, each danger past,
Receive us to Thy rest at last.

TO use an Irishism ' my memories go back farther than I do,' because it was always a joy to persuade Mother and Father to tell us tales of their first adventures in the ministry.

My Mother, as I have said, was a layman's daughter and had always taken her part in the Church life of a vigorous London suburb. She had never lived away from the life of London, and had been brought up on a judicious mixture of May Meetings, the Royal Academy, and other Art galleries, and all the best London concerts and events. My Father too, had always lived in cities. Their first year of married life was the last year of my Father's term in a London circuit. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between that and their second circuit. By some curious last exchange at Conference they found themselves dumped in a village in the blackest of the Black Country. It was even blacker then than now. The women and girls there worked in the nail factories and seemed as hard as the nails they made. They were rough, uncouth, and vulgar to a degree which amazed my Mother, although she had visited regularly in some of the worst London slums. She had always been used to the gentler speech and courtesy which I am thankful to say even yet survives in the south country.

My Mother often said in later years, ' I wonder what they " made " of me. I must have seemed an odd specimen to them. " Namby pamby," I expect they called me, or some such expression.' They had never had a minister's wife before and there was not a soul in that big squalid village of whom my Mother could make a real friend. It was a wide circuit, and she spent many lonely hours in that grim bare manse with a little maid, who, at first, barely understood my Mother when she spoke and whom my Mother had the greatest difficulty in understanding. Mother used to visit as much as she could but was

seldom asked inside. The women, if at home, gazed and gazed at her with arms akimbo, standing in their doorways.

The circuit town was too far off or she would have been warmly welcomed at the Super's house.

A Methodist minister certainly needs to be an adaptable creature. After having had circuits where every place was within cycling distance, in middle life my Father went to a circuit where there was a 'oss 'ire fund, and, with no previous experience, had to drive about eighty miles a week with the circuit horse and trap. As a true Methodist should be, he was methodical even over this, and learnt the names and places of the pieces of harness, and often saved himself from difficulties by looking over the horse after some sleepy ostler or groom or odd man had harnessed up for the drive home. They were often amazed and amused at ' t' passon ' when he pointed out mistakes.

Sometimes he took one of us with him, for the roads were often very lonely, and we were sure of a welcome from ' the friends ' in the little cause on the other side of the circuit.

I remember driving through a dense fog one night in another circuit, when we could not even see the mare's tail. The lamps were about as much good as night lights. It was a fen district and there was an open drain on each side of the narrow road and a very awkward turn to be negotiated over a low bridge over one drain. We peered about in vain and finally had to just leave it to Jennie, the mare, to find her way. So in that predicament the mare scored over the motor-car of modern times.

Sometimes the Chairman of a Missionary meeting would drive out with the Super and beguile the time by telling us a cheerful story of how one minister drove himself and his wife right into the drain one foggy night. It certainly added thrills to the drive home in the dense fog.

Many a time have we women folk sat in the Manse straining our ears for the sound of the rattle of wheels of the circuit trap. Ten o'clock would strike and we began to make excuses for its late arrival. ' Probably the colleague is eating a bigger supper than usual and Father is waiting at Mr. Mate's to be picked up.'

The little town would be all abed and asleep by ten-thirty, and there were very few carts or traps passing through.

' Is that the trap? ' ' No! too heavy, and Father always whistles as he goes by.'

At last it came—that quick rattle of wheels over the stone setts of the crossing—and then that well-known cheery whistle, and we flew to see if the porridge was piping hot. ' The

maister's '' oauts '' ' as the maid called the Quaker oats. It always sounded as if he as well as the horse had a horse's reward.

Nowadays, I suppose, in these wide country circuits, the minister's wife and daughters listen for a motor-horn honking a cheery signal.

I wonder if there are still any copies extant of the ancient Methodist atlas which we used to possess. It was a huge and very cumbersome book of maps of the different counties in England. It showed the circuit town in one big coloured dot like a planet, surrounded by a circle of little dots like attendant satellites. The lesser stars in the same colour, but with no attendant moons, were the other places in the circuit.

There was a rush for the Methody atlas if father announced, ' An inquiry from so-and-so.' Sometimes, of course, it was one of those exasperating letters, ' Will you accept an invitation if sent,' which were sent round to quite a number of men at the same time. We would hold a family conclave with the *Minutes of Conference*, a book showing lists of chapels and preaching places with the numbers of accommodation, and the Foreign Missionary report which in those days gave more detailed figures. Then we used to burrow in *Chambers' Encyclopaedia* to see if the head of the circuit was sufficiently important to have a descriptive paragraph.

It would be rather a good idea to have a Methodist guide-book with brief descriptions giving the number of places and distances, the number of rooms in the Manse, what schools there are, and the distance to the nearest city or large town. Of course it would not do to describe a circuit as ' one of the plums of Methodism,' or ' Rather a poor '' do,'' ' ' struggling causes,' &c. It would be really far more useful than the *Methodist Who's Who*—however thrilling it may be to know who married who, how many children they have, hobbies, &c.

I am afraid I always preferred small circuits, with small book parcels! Twenty-five parcels once a month to sort and pack for the various places in the circuit is no joke, especially when a thousand circuit plans have to be sent out quarterly as well.

I do not know whether thin and delightful sheets of wood are still used for packing these parcels. We always called it ' book-wood,' and considered it our rightful ' perkisites,' and wonderful and weird were the objects we made out of it.

' The Book Parcel's come! Bags me the book-wood,' the younger boy would sing out to me. ' No! bags *me*! I want a new table for the doll's house.'

'Well, come on and go shares—only mind you count properly and don't start reading instead, 'cause I'm simply dying to make a new boat and I used up the last book-wood ages ago.'

'Now, imps and shrimps, count out the mags., and put them in *tidy* piles, and then we'll sort and do up the parcels,' Father would say.

We had invented our own names for the magazines and books to beguile the tedium of sorting. *The Minutes* were always 'Squints of Conference' (not a bad name after all).

Occasionally there were some new books for the study shelves, but they were generally alluded to as 'more stodgy stuff for Daddy.' Sometimes we had to count catechisms for Sunday schools. In our own home the little green volume was always known as 'catty,' so when Father read out, 'Twelve shorter catechisms,' I echoed, 'Twelve *shorter* (groans) catties,' but the boy imp went one better, and with a gurgle of mischief said, 'Twelve kittens.'

'Children! Children! what would the Conference think of you?' But even that august body had no power to quell our irreverent attitude.

At last the sorting and packing up was done, and the imp and shrimp went off with the beloved book-wood tucked under their arms with visions of fret-sawing out the most marvellous boats, beds, tables, and brackets.

The boats always had to be flat-bottomed with strips of wood as sides, fastened on with halved pins. We painted the boats with water colours in all sorts of gorgeous hues. Unfortunately, when they made their trial trips in the bath the paint left lurid tracks in the water, so the boy philosophically decided to paint his boats bluey green—'Then when it comes off it makes the water look more sort of sea-ey colour.'

'Faith in Christ Jesus'—that is the essential spirit of approach to the Bible. It does not mean that you pledge yourselves to give intellectual assent and blind obedience in advance. Faith is rather your whole attitude of mind, heart, and soul to God—a spirit of humility and reverence and trustfulness, a willingness to follow at all costs as He leads by the inward light. Those who approach the Bible in this spirit find in it a reveation of God in Christ Jesus. The Bible is not an end, but only a means, and yet as a means is is incomparable. It is the best light we have—other lights are kindled from this. It made Paul and Timothy wise unto salvation.

—Dr. J. H. Ritson.

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And ocean's waves with angry noise,
  With din tremendous roar;
Convulsive pangs our nation seize,
And discord's horrible abyss
  Wide opens to devour.

Blaspheming multitudes we hear,
By wild astonishment and fear
  Beset on every side:
How shall we the destruction shun,
Or to what place of safety run,
  Our trembling souls to hide?

Jesus, our sanctuary Thou art:
And if Thou take Thy people's part,
  Elisha's flaming bands,
Their high commission to fulfil,
Secure from every threatened ill,
  Shall bear us in their hands.

We now with Thy protection bless'd,
Beneath Thy wings of mercy rest,
  Till all this tyranny
Is like a sudden flood, o'erpass'd,
And peace, which evermore shall last,
  And love returns with Thee.

From *C. Wesley's Hymns written in the Time of the Tumults, June* 1780.

IX

THE RAGING OF THE PEOPLE

THE next record, or series of records, comes from the land of China, from those tumultuous times known as the Boxer riots. It will be given mainly in the words of the man most nearly concerned, who himself wrote the record. The full story (for only a very small portion of it can be recounted here) is told in a book entitled *A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China,* and the author's name is A. E. Glover, who was a missionary stationed in the city of Luan. The book describes the experiences of the author, with his wife and children and Miss Gates, a fellow-worker, during their attempts to escape from the country in the midst of those fanatical disturbances referred to. The time of the occurrence was from June 9 to

August 14, 1900. As it was summer the heat was overpowering. It should also be borne in mind that a child was born into the family of the Glovers just as the terrible journey ended, and that a few days later Mrs. Glover died and her name was added to the roll of the Christian martyrs. As might be expected in such a story references to Scripture are numerous, and the comfort of familiar hymns is very noticeable. The Forty-sixth Psalm is referred to several times.

The flight began in the city of Luan, where the Glovers and Miss Gates were making their witness for Christ. When the reports of the uprising reached the place and the local elements of lawlessness were aroused, the missionaries made their first attempt to escape by journeying directly towards the coast. Their first object was a place called Shuen-teh, whither they travelled by mule-litter. The road lay in rough tracks through a mountainous country, and they were compelled to sleep in dirty, verminous inns. When they reached the last stage before entering Shuen-teh they heard that the town was in disorder and that all the foreigners who had lived there were either killed or driven out. In spite of the rumour, they decided to complete the journey, and were relieved to find the reports had been exaggerated. Their friends were there, and gave them welcome.

'Those days at Shuen-teh,' says Mr. Glover, 'were unspeakably precious to us. Looking back upon them now, I cannot sufficiently thank God for all that He gave us in the loving ministrations of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. R. Brown. They did not allow us to know, until events revealed the fact, how they were risking their own lives to shelter us; for when once the secret of our arrival was out, the peril to themselves was extreme. As a matter of fact our coming brought on the riot, which lost them their all and compelled them to face what seemed to be certain death in flight. The privilege as well as the consolation of being with them at such a time was very great. I shall never know in this life how much of the grace to endure in the hour of trial, then so close upon me, was imparted in those days of waiting together upon God, and of learning to say, "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed." It was one thing to say it in the day of our prosperity; but we found together—all of us, I doubt not—that it was another thing to say it truly when "the heathen" all around us actually were "raging" and "the kingdoms" were in a very real sense being "moved." Community of suffering drew us very close together; for though we were not exposed as yet to physical

hardships, we never knew what an hour, day or night, might bring forth. Once discovered, riot was inevitable; and this, of course, if only in the apprehension of it, meant suffering of a very tangible kind.'

It soon became impossible for them to stay in Shuen-teh. Moreover, their path to the coast was blocked. They were accordingly compelled to return to the place whence they had come. Only with great difficulty did they get back. Then they decided to go South, hoping to find the adjoining province, granted they could cross into it, more peaceable. As swiftly and as secretly as they could, for not a moment was to be lost if they were to get away a second time, they made their preparations. Their intention to leave the house before dawn was realized. Quietly they got away and pressed on through the darkness. Mr. Glover continues to relate how they went ' in absolute silence down the north street, across the east and west streets, into the big road running parallel to the south street. The moments seemed minutes, the minutes hours. At length we struck across the main street, close down by the great south gate. A few moments more and we were halted before the massive barrier, fast closed against us.

' Long and loud the drivers knocked at the gate-keeper's door. In vain; not a sound from within, nor any that answered. The light was broadening in the East, ere long men would be astir, and the precious moments upon which our hopes of getting outside the city hung, were swiftly passing. " Be still and know that I am God ": the spirit breathed the word into my heart, and there was perfect peace.

' Then a loud uncouth voice, demanding who we were and what we wanted at that time of day; and an insolent refusal to open the gate. What happened upon this I could not tell. There was silence for a time; then voices in hot debate, and then—were my ears deceived?—the creaking of the huge iron-plated door leaves as they swung slowly, slowly open! Then the drivers' call to the animals; and a moment later we were without the city.'

The party had not gone far before they experienced more troubles. In one place they were sheltering in a building while the Chinese servant who had remained faithful to them was gone to discover how matters stood with the people there. His return was anxiously awaited. At last he came. The record continues, ' When Sheng-min came in to break the news we saw that he was much agitated. Seating himself on the K'ang (that is, the

place in a Chinese house where the bed is prepared), he said, "The Boxers are here, and we are all to be killed"; then, burying his face in his hands, he leaned his head on Miss Gates' shoulder and wept bitterly. We were all much affected, the more that the little ones had caught up the words as they fell from his lips, and began to cry bitterly too, as they clung about us, questioning, "Oh, father! mother! What are they going to do to us? Are they going to kill us?" What else could we do at such a time than draw nigh to God? Humbly and trustfully we lifted our eyes to Him from whom alone our help should come; and as we looked at the things not seen, and yielded ourselves into His hand for life or death in the prayer that He alone might be glorified, the peace of God took possession of our hearts and stilled every fear. Even the darling children's terror was hushed to rest, as they repeated after their mother, while she kissed away their tears, "I will trust, and not be afraid"; and soon after they were wrapped in a calm, untroubled sleep.'

Having escaped that danger the fugitives went from place to place, always in peril, and at times in such circumstances of danger and destitution, almost of nakedness, that it does certainly seem miraculous they endured it and lived. They came eventually to a town called Yin-ch'eng, where they happened to fall in with a rain-procession. This was unfortunate enough to place them in imminent peril of the worst that could happen to them further on. They found lodging, however, in an inn, but only to discover that a mob was quickly gathering about the door, and at last burst into the room where they were. 'Seeing the trend of things,' says Mr. Glover, 'the officer came and ordered us to a room on the other side of the courtyard, when he produced a padlock and proceeded to lock us in. This was too much. Once locked in we knew we should never get out alive. The escort would decamp with the cart, and we should be left to the mercy of this fanatical mob. Remonstrance, however, was worse than useless. It only infuriated him; and seeing that there was nothing for it, we found it best to accept his statement, that he was doing it for our protection, and give him to understand that we implicitly trusted him to bring us in safety to Kaoping. So the door was shut upon us and made fast with bolt and lock.

'What a position was ours now. "Wait till they get to Yin-ch'eng!" It seemed certain that our doom was fixed. As we sat on the K'ang within listening to the noise of the tumult

and the cries for us to be brought out, we realized as much as ever before the helplessness and hopelessness of our position. And once more we stayed our hearts upon the word, " God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." '

Of a later occasion Mr. Glover writes as follows:

' Nothing could exceed the desperateness of the situation. All semblance of official protection removed; all means of escape taken away; the people howling for our blood on the street, and the sentence of death already gone forth from those with whom the shadowy burden of official responsibility was now supposed to rest. I can only describe our affliction which befell us in Lan-chen Cheo, on the Hunan border of Shan-si, in the words of St. Paul, " We were weighed down exceedingly, beyond our power, insomuch that we despaired even of life: yea, we ourselves have had the answer of death within ourselves." '

This time it was indeed a desperate situation. It was an intensely hot midsummer night, and the room in which they were lodged was only twenty feet long by twelve feet wide. It was very low, and very filthy. It had no ventilation. The door was fast barred and locked. A fire was kept burning. There were ten persons in the room, five of them being the gaolers, who smoked opium and tobacco for some time, and then lay stark naked upon the floor. Vermin and mosquitoes also shared the place with them. At daybreak the crowds again assembled, crying for the execution already decided upon by the council. ' At this moment,' the narrator says, ' the promise was borne in powerfully upon my heart, " Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." My faith was strengthened to take hold of it, and to plead it with God as a promise, to which He had pledged His name, for the present hour of our trouble. Our part was to " call upon Him." And realizing as we did that the assigned cause of their rage against us was the continued drought, we were moved under the impulse of the promise to make a united cry to God to interfere for His great name's sake on our behalf by sending rain to the sufferers, enough to satisfy their need and because of our extremity to send it now. Accordingly, kneeling up upon the K'ang, we poured out our hearts before Him in Chinese, that the gaolers might know exactly what we were doing, and what we were asking.

'Fools!—to suppose that out of a cloudless sky as brazen as ever before, with every prospect of another day of devouring heat, rain could fall, and fall at once! Had not the guards already caught up the cry without, and warned us that our hour was come—that there was not the faintest indication of rain, nor would there be until our blood had been shed? The contemptuous incredulity with which they listened showed what was in their heart. How long we continued to pray, I cannot tell. I only know that scarcely had we risen from our knees, when the windows of heaven were opened, and down upon the howling mob swept the sudden fury of a torrential flood of waters. In a few seconds the street was empty, and not a sound was to be heard but the swish of the rushing rain. Oh! I cannot tell you how the words, "God is a very present help in trouble," became a living, great reality to us in that moment of doom. In so marvellous a manifestation of His love, we found a true manifestation of Himself. His "very presence" could not have been more real to us in the prison room, if we had seen Him with our eyes. The throb of the heavy splash, splash of the waters without was the echo in our ears of His own voice—a music of God's own setting to the new song which He now put in our mouth. From that vile den went up the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints." The prayer of the poor and destitute was once more turned into praise and the prison of our sighs into the temple of His song, who alone giveth songs in the night, even thanksgiving to our God.'

Such is the testimony of this faithful witness, and such the heavenly mercy sent to him and his loved ones in their need. The terrible journey ended at last in the kindly welcome of joyous friends. Grief still pursued them, but peace came at length, for one of them that peace being, as already hinted, the calm of the life beyond.

A further brief record may be added. Still in China, and amid present-day disorders, the holy confidence of the Psalmist has been again repeated. Towards the end of August 1926, the Revs. P. E. Beale and D. W. Thompson, Wesleyan missionaries in the province of Hunan, returned from a brief holiday to their station at Liuyang, to find the town full of Cantonese troops. Thenceforward for about two months, troops were passing through on their way to meet the Northern forces in battle for the possession of Hankow and Shanghai. Most of the officers

were friendly towards the missionaries, but those of the Sixth Army Cantonese were not so well disposed. They promoted and encouraged anti-British feeling and, consequently, an active anti-Christian propaganda. To the cry of ' Down with Imperialism ' large demonstrations were held, some of them consisting of more than ten thousand men, who shouted themselves hoarse in decrying all for which they supposed the missionaries stood. On Wednesday, October 20, the trouble as it most nearly affected the Mission Station, came to a head by the students sending to Mr. Beale an ultimatum wherein impossible conditions were proposed for the continuation of the schools under his charge. A Communist organization was behind these demands. They were promptly repudiated. The Communists replied by seizing the school premises and searching for the Chinese masters whom they intended to drag round the town and then publicly chastise. Being baffled in their search the mob invaded the foreign compound and attempted to create a riot. A meeting of five hundred people also decided that on the Sunday following the foreigners were to be attacked and beaten and dragged round the streets, and an immediate boycott with regard to food supplies was to be enforced. The missionaries, of whom there were six (the two ministers and four ladies) and a child, were now in danger. A letter sent to the magistrate asking for protection evoked no reply. Their friends advised them to leave at once. One friend procured boats for them; they packed what they could of their possessions; and thus, on the evening of Saturday, they started for Changsha. They had not gone far before the boatmen anchored for the night. A crowd of people assembled on the farther bank threatening the boatmen. As an ugly situation was developing the missionaries scrambled out on the opposite side of the river and began to walk. They went five miles in the gathering darkness, being followed by some of the mob, whom the boatmen had then fetched from across the river. Happily they were not overtaken, but, another boat being procured at a small village by the river on payment of an exorbitant fee, they again took to the water. Thus they eventually got away and arrived in comparative safety in the capital city of Changsha, whence they were sent to Shanghai. Death came very near to them, but their experience has been well expressed by one of the ladies of the party who, in a letter said, ' We all feel that we have had a marvellous deliverance, and God was very good to us. We might so easily have gone into danger, and I had a feeling all the time of how wonderfully

we were helped and protected. . . . Don't worry, God is with us; we have had wonderful protection, and are well.'

God is with us; it is the confidence of the saints. All who trust in God know sooner or later the secret of the Apostle Paul's assurance when he said, 'The Lord stood by me, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion,' or that of Charles Wesley when he taught us to sing in that most confident of evening hymns, 'Jesus protects; my fears begone!'

That may be further illustrated by the story of the Rev. T'an Ch'in Ch'ing, the Chinese minister who assisted Mr. Beale at Liuyang. A humble-minded saintly man, of gracious personality, and now approaching old age, he was yet without fear when placed in danger. Along with another preacher he went, the day after the departure of the missionaries, to ask the magistrate to protect the fugitives' abandoned goods. The magistrate agreed to do so. But standing there, listening to the conversation, was the president of the Labourers' Union. This man hurried out and collected a mob, which seized the two preachers as they left the Yamen, bound them with ropes, pushed them through the streets to a temple court-yard, and compelled them to ascend the theatrical platform of the temple. In face of an increasingly large crowd the two men were charged with being imperialists, slaves of the hated foreigner. They were called upon to denounce Christianity and to promise to have nothing more to do with foreigners. Mr. T'an's reply was a witness after the manner of the ancient Polycarp. He showed very clearly that he was a true Chinese patriot. He had never been enslaved and never would be, for the religion he professed was opposed to all forms of slavery. As for denouncing Christianity, he said, that was impossible, for his Christian faith was more vital to him than life itself. They could do what they liked with him; they could beat him, or even put him to death, but he could never give up his allegiance to Christ. When he had said this many cried out that he should be beaten. It is almost certain that, had they prevailed, the gentle minister and his comrade would have suffered even unto death. But from the back of the crowd a single voice was heard saying, 'He is a good man. He has done a lot of good for this town. Let him go.' It was but one voice against many. But that one voice prevailed. The tumult was quelled. The two faithful preachers were released, and, without suffering further harm, went forth out of the temple, proving that God was indeed a very present help in time of trouble.

Military Aspects of John Wesley's Life

By Major T. J. EDWARDS

IV. WESLEY'S SOLDIER PREACHERS[1]

'THE debt of Methodism to the British Army is no small one,' and, to some degree, the work of the Press-gangs was a blessing in disguise to Wesley's cause, in that it sent many of his preachers into the army where they were able to do pioneer work in a field which was neglected by those who were officially responsible for the spiritual welfare of the troops. ' To a man of Wesley's spirit it must have been a consuming thought that practically nothing was done for the saving of these men. Not that they were inaccessible to good influences; far otherwise. Their response was generous and warm whenever such influences were brought to bear upon them. Duncan Wright, one of Wesley's preachers, who had himself been a soldier, and who knew the character of the men and the greatness of their spiritual need, has written, " Were the chaplains men of real piety and courage, much might be done in the army; but the chaplaincy is generally a kind of sinecure, and the care of souls is left to any worthless wretch that will do it at an easy rate. When we lay in one city, the care of four or five regiments was left to an unhappy man, who was an object of common ridicule among the soldiers for his perpetual drunkenness." '

' That Wesley, with a full knowledge of these things, resented it deeply, goes without saying. After visiting the camp near Portsmouth he praises the clean and neat appearance of the lines, but sadly adds, " There was no chaplain. The English soldiers of this age have nothing to do with God." ' It will also be recalled that in his letter to Alderman Ridley at Newcastle during the '45 Rebellion, he says, ' Is there no man who careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought to do so. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay and just do nothing.'

Into this arena of spiritual destitution was forcibly impelled the ' impressed ' Methodist preachers as if in obedience to a spiritual interpretation of the law of supply and demand. The ' demand ' was great, the field of operations tremendous, but who

[1] For fuller details of this aspect of the subject the reader is recommended to read *Soldiers and Preachers Too,* by Rev. O. S. Watkins, C.M.G., C.B.E., which is extensively quoted in this article.

can say how long the uplifting of the moral tone of the army would have been deferred had not God, in His own way, used the tyrannical law of impressment to secure the greater freedom of His people?

'Long before his death Wesley had a full reward for the sympathy he had shown towards the despised and neglected soldier. Some of his very best preachers were drawn from the army. Of those counted worthy to have their biographies included in *The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers,* more than one-fourth were ex-soldiers.'

To make the merest mention of all the soldier-Methodist preachers that have been, would require a volume of enormous extent; to do them all justice in print is impossible. For this article let it suffice our purpose to give short biographies of those early pioneers mentioned in Mr. Watkins' admirable book.

'Of the preachers who were "pressed," there is none more notable than John Nelson, and there is not one whose story of service is more intensely interesting.' In the first place Nelson's impressment was illegal because the law only gave power to press 'all such able-bodied men as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance.' This description in no way applied to Nelson, who supported himself as a mason. But his being a Methodist was quite enough to condemn him; justice was not for him. He underwent disgraceful treatment, at which even 'the rough soldiery revolted'; 'one of them actually went to the officer in command, offering to answer for Nelson's safe custody with his life, if only the severity of his treatment were reduced.' But this had no effect. Eventually he commenced training on Hepworth Moor, and was astonished by the kindness of a corporal, who actually carried his musket for him. 'Imagine his joy when he found that the corporal was a brother Methodist, the only one in the regiment.' Nelson spent his spare time in preaching, for which he was threatened with flogging. He persisted, and was 'cast into prison, where he waited for two days before being brought before the Commanding Officer. To his everlasting credit, the major acquitted him of any military offence, and Nelson continued his preaching without molestation. All York was stirred, and people who had before been antagonistic prayed that Mr. Wesley might visit them. When the time came for the regiment to leave York for Sunderland, his parting with the people who had received him with derision was a friendly and deeply touching one. . . . Gradually the enmity of his officers was disarmed; and when at last, after

nearly three months' soldiering, he was released—not because of the illegality of his impressment, but because a substitute had been purchased by the Methodists of London—he left amidst the regrets of the whole regiment. . . . His commanding officer said, "I wish I had a regiment of such men as he is." '

The case of Duncan Wright is the reverse of Nelson's. Nelson was forced into the army for being a preacher, while Wright was forced out for the same reason. Wright was 'in the 10th Foot (now the Lincolnshire Regiment), and was converted under the preaching of another soldier, Corporal William Coventry, of the Royal Scots. At once he begins to preach, is on the way to solid advancement in his profession, having reached the rank of Sergeant, but, because of his Methodism, is forced out of the army by the officer commanding his regiment, who thought it a disgrace to have for one of his sergeants a preacher. As soon as Mr. Wesley heard of this he offered Wright employment as an itinerant preacher, and eventually, having mastered Gaelic, he became the first missionary to the Highlands.'

Alexander Mather fought under the Young Pretender, was a fugitive, handed over to the Government by his own father, is converted under Wesley's preaching, becomes an active worker, preacher, minister, and, 'after Wesley's death, was the second minister elected to the Chair of the Conference.'

'One of the most picturesque figures amongst Wesley's soldier-preachers was Captain Thomas Webb of the 48th Foot (now the Northamptonshire Regiment). He served under Wolfe in Canada, and whilst storming the Heights of Abraham was wounded in the arm and lost the use of one eye. Returning to England, he was converted under John Wesley's preaching at Bristol, and at once joined the Methodists. Being in a congregation at Bath which was disappointed by the non-appearance of its preacher, he stepped up to the pulpit, clad as he was in full regimentals, and addressed the people. This was his first attempt at preaching, and was attended with such success that he was very shortly afterwards licensed by Wesley as a local preacher. Three years later he went to America and became one of the principal means whereby Methodism was established in the Western Hemisphere, and in conjunction with Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, was largely instrumental in the building of the first chapel at New York.'

The War of the Austrian Succession in Flanders forms the background of two great soldier-preachers. John Haime was a trooper in the Queen's Dragoons, and whilst stationed at

Brentford came into contact with Charles Wesley. In 1742 his regiment was ordered to Flanders and early in 1743 we find him marching from Ghent to Germany. Being in need of spiritual guidance he wrote to John Wesley and as a result he commenced to preach to his comrades. At the battle of Dettingen Haime's regiment was in the thick of the fight for over seven hours, and whilst those around him were killed and wounded he came out unhurt. On returning to Ghent Haime and a few friends hired a small room in which to meet. Most jeered, but some came by stealth in the darkness and listened under the windows and soon the little band outgrew the room. The work spread, and soon there were ' two hundred members of society.' The result of all this was that serious opposition began to be raised by the chaplains and certain of the officers, who endeavoured to incense the field marshall commanding-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland, against Haime and his little band of preachers. Haime was sent for and interviewed several times, but nothing came of it, the Duke knew what good work he was doing. ' At this time Haime in his preaching publicly protested against the neglect of the Chaplains, who had not administered Holy Communion in the army for a very long period. The chaplains were naturally furious, and reported Haime for conduct wanting in respect of his superiors. The Duke agreed that a protest was needed, and gave orders that in future Communion should be administered every Sunday in at least one of the regiments. The enemies of the Methodists still making complaints about the preachers, the Duke asked if Haime did his duty, if he would fight, did he pray for the King and his arms; and when his enemies had to acknowledge that he did all his duty as well as any man in the regiment, His Royal Highness asked, wonderingly, " What then, is the ground of your complaint? " The Duke sent for Haime, and closely questioned him, as to his doings and teachings. So impressed was he with the man's personality that he told him to " go on," and straightway he issued a " General Order " to the whole force under his command to the effect that Haime was to be permitted to preach wherever and whenever he pleased. On one occasion the Duke himself, unknown to Haime, heard him preach, and was delighted with what he heard.'

The other man was Sampson Staniforth. He was Haime's companion and helper in Flanders, and was a pattern soldier in all that appertained to his duty.

' Ten years after Fontenoy, Thomas Rankin—afterwards sent to America by Wesley as Superintendent of all the American

Societies—was converted by coming into contact with some of the dragoons who had been under Haime's influence in Flanders.'

'During a visit to Manchester in 1753 Wesley discovered seventeen dragoons, of John Haime's old regiment, joined to the Society in that city, "patterns of seriousness, zeal, and all holy conversation."' 'The following year he opened, at Trowbridge, a chapel built and paid for by one of John Haime's converts.'

Methodism in Gibraltar grew entirely out of the pioneer work of two men of the 2nd Foot (Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment), Henry Ince and Morton, which began in 1769. There was great opposition to the Methodist cause at the commencement of the nineteenth century on 'the Rock,' and in 1803 some non-commissioned officers and men of the Queen's Regiment were court-martialled 'for unsoldierlike conduct, in attending a Methodist meeting contrary to regimental orders.' They were all 'found guilty of the charge,' and the court sentenced 'Corporals Lamb and Russell to be reduced, and the whole to receive five hundred lashes each.' (Oh, those good old days!) The two non-commissioned officers were reduced to the ranks the same evening, and actually received 200 lashes each. The others were forgiven 'for the present.' This disgraceful state of affairs was brought to the notice of the War Office, and although there was no recurrence of flogging the persecution went on until General Fox took over the command and granted permission to the troops to attend the Society meetings.

'One of the most remarkable things in connexion with the spread of Methodism across the seas has been the part played by soldiers. Few people realize how great a debt of gratitude the Methodist Church owes to the British soldier on foreign service.'

Captain Thomas Webb, of the 48th Regiment (already noted) became one of the chief persons in the Society at Albany, and for a time was the principal evangelist Methodism had in the New World. Major George Neal, a British Cavalry officer, was the pioneer of Methodism in Upper Canada.

But these brief notes give a too inadequate record of the work of soldiers in the cause of Methodism, and the reader's attention is directed to Mr. Watkins' book, where the full story is told in an admirable style. There it will be seen how the germ of Wesley's work took root in the army, grew to strength in the face of untold opposition and persecution verging on cruelty, and finally became established as a recognized sect, increasing in numbers and power.

The Tramp

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

MAY had come. Farley village had awakened from its winter sleep. Charabancs came thundering in from Hastings, making their stop at Hippery's alluring establishment for passengers to make purchases, or to descend to have refreshments at the round tables sheltered by green umbrellas—tables with green cloths, and green china. Every table had a jar of bluebells, gathered by the industrious Bertha in the small hours. The tea-garden was undoubtedly attractive.

So thought a tramp, who looked over the little white gate that led to it. He leaned ragged arms on this white gate, and half-unconsciously noted details. That lawn, where the round tables lay scattered, was very green. It was cut and rolled so smoothly it made the tramp long to lie on it, and just look up at the sky that to-day was so blue. He thought more of that than of the food those tables suggested, which was odd, for he was hungry. It was not yet ten o'clock, but to a man who has walked endless miles—to a man who has snatched a brief sleep under the shelter of a disused cow-shed—to a man who has started re-tramping at the first glimmer of dawn, it seemed late in the day. He drowsingly feasted on this tea-garden. He found the hanging-baskets suspended from the verandas of the shop and the bungalow distinctly inspiriting, with their show of gay flowers. He might be a scarecrow, but there were beautiful things to be seen. He felt it was good to see them, and to forget his rags, and his failures. It was curious that he had still the power to be happy in seeing things beautiful. He had felt happy at the sight of the sea trembling as it seemed to him with joy at sight of the rising sun. The song of birds had seemed enchanting as he had come out from the disused cowshed. It was somehow as if he got outside, or had risen above penury. He was not unhappy, yet he knew he had not a penny with which to buy a crust. He knew, too, that there was a queer gnawing of hunger within him, which he tried to ignore. Life had begun to be a sort of dream to him. He never felt quite awake. He vaguely knew that he had sought for work till an apathy had overwhelmed him. Despair had given place to a dreaming acceptance of the inevitable. Little unexpected windfalls had come to him as he tramped. He had no idea of his destination.

His one idea seemed to be to tramp. Where his steps led, did not concern him. He had got to tramp. Movement was his obsession. What he dreaded was stagnation. He was only thirty-three, and had been a farm-labourer, till he had lost his left hand in manipulating a root-cutting machine. The loss of his hand had had a curious effect upon his character. Before this accident had happened he had been of a sociable and gay disposition. He had loved companionship. Afterwards the one thing he craved was isolation from all those who had known him before he was maimed. He had been humble-minded before the accident, but afterwards a queer pride sprang up within him. He would not go on the dole. He had never begged during his long tramp from Norfolk. He had sought work until he came to understand that a one-handed man was not wanted. He told himself he was glad that his parents were dead before that accident, and that he had no near relations. He told himself more emphatically that he was glad he hadn't spoken his feelings to little Meg who was servant at the farm where he worked—Meg, with her sunny smile, and her clean lilac print frock—Meg, with the bits of dark hair on her forehead ' that curled of themselves '—Meg, with the brown, bright eyes! Yes, he had been very near telling her he loved her, before that machine did its fell work, and he had been hustled off to a hospital at Norwich, never to return to the village. Discharged from the hosptial, with one hand only, he had started to tramp.

Now, looking over Hippery's gate, he had really no idea how long he had tramped. Time had curiously ceased to exist for him. One day he had assisted a man who had trouble with some pigs he was driving along a country road. The man had given him a shilling. Another day he got two shillings from a woman for rescuing her dog which had fallen down a gravel-pit. Once he got a loaf from a baker for helping him to collect his bread from the road when the back flap of his cart came unhitched, and the loaves fell out. He had had many windfalls, and somehow these windfalls kept a faith alive in him, which gave a curiously contented twist to his dream-like existence. He found a queer pleasure in the freedom of his life, and a sense of emancipation. He discovered in himself a love of Nature which he had never suspected in the days when he had toiled from dawn till dark on a farm, and slept in a hay-loft. He had for the first time in his life leisure to watch the pageant of the skies, to note the flight of birds, to discover the beauty of flowers in the hedgerows. He found vistas of unknown beauty opening up before him as

he tramped. This made him forget that his feet (now stockingless) were blistered within the boots which had grown old. He lived in the moment, neither looking backward nor forward. A warm sun was shining down on him now, and a cuckoo was calling. He had no idea what village he had reached. Hippery suddenly appeared from the veranda of the shop, and saw this scarecrow of a man leaning on his gate. He advanced towards him with a beaming countenance. His shock of red hair gleamed metallically in the sunlight. Even that gave the tramp pleasure. He thought the hair beautiful, so he smiled happily. Hippery was amazed to see such a scarecrow smile like that. He was more amazed when he got nearer, and noted how thin and starved was that smiling face. He even noted that the face was clean—very clean.

'Come in and have some breakfast,' said Hippery, 'and you can have a proper look at my tea-garden after.'

'Thank you—thank you very much,' answered the tramp.

Hippery opened the gate and led the tramp to a seat at a scrubbed bench table at the back. Bertha soon appeared with a plate of bacon and eggs, flanked by a big jug of coffee.

'Just you sit as long over it as you like,' said Hippery, 'and then we'll have a bit of a talk.'

Hippery had noted with some very real emotion the absence of the tramp's left hand. While the tramp ate, Hippery was conferring with his wife about him.

'That poor chap is real down and out,' Hippery said. 'We've got to give him a leg-up, Bertha.'

Bertha drew her pretty brows together, which was a habit she had when she was 'thinking hard.'

'Look here, Henry,' she at last said, 'he's about the same size as you, only thinner. You can spare that brown suit of yours quite well, and there are those boots you gave up when you took to shoes. There are lots of shirts your poor mother made you before she died. We could make him decent.'

'Yes,' replied Hippery doubtfully, 'but clothes won't fill his stomach. I want to help him to——'

'You wait!' cried Bertha a trifle impatiently. 'Don't you butt in when I've not finished talking. My father wants help in the bar on Saturday nights, and I want to give all my time here now.'

She paused, and Hippery exclaimed hurriedly, as if determined to get a word in, 'One evening's work in a week won't——'

'Oh! do let me finish!' voiced Bertha.

'I thought you had, dear,' Hippery told her, a little resentfully.

'Then don't think!' she flung at him.

'Ah!' rejoined Hippery—'now you ask the impossible. I am by nature a profound thinker.'

Bertha suddenly and unexpectedly gave her husband a resounding kiss. 'Now, none of that sort of talk, Henry,' she said, in a motherly sort of way she had so often assumed with him since his own mother had passed away. 'Jack Barnard says "tall talk cuts no ice," and I know what he means. Now look here, we can quite well let this man help us through the summer. With one hand he can serve those tables with me; and he can draw beer in the bar with one hand for father on Saturday nights. There's your poor mother's room where he could sleep ——'

'I hadn't thought of his living here,' Hippery half-haltingly stated. 'We know nothing about him—we might get——'

'Oh!' cried Bertha, 'I have not served in a bar for years without being good at reading faces. That tramp has a good face. He's all right. That hand of his being gone stands in his way, or he wouldn't be without a job. We're going to give him one. You leave it to me.'

Hippery gazed at his pretty wife with a dog-like affection in his eyes. To him Bertha was wonderful. How she had mothered him since his own dear old mother had been laid to rest in that graveyard hard by, he alone knew. If she 'snapped' now and again, he knew that she felt she was dealing with a sort of child. He was well aware, poor fellow, that unless controlled, he had a way of making a fool of himself in speech. He knew, too, that the curious 'kink' in him would always be there. Bertha was to him a sheet-anchor.

'Yes, dear, I leave it to you,' he agreed readily, 'and I'll go and get things ship-shape in the shop. I'll unpack those nice little hand-bags and fill a window with them. I'm sure to sell a lot, for they are cheap; and such fine weather will bring lots of charabancs and cars.'

'Yes, you do, dear,' Bertha answered. When he was gone, she cast a rapid glance at the long line of green cups hung on hooks screwed to lengths of wood nailed to the walls of the kitchen. She noted the neat piles of plates and saucers which occupied the narrow benches beneath. She cast a glance on the spotless linoleum which covered the floor of this long narrow kitchen.

She noted with satisfaction that her kettles were boiling on her big ' Perfection ' paraffin stove.

Then she visited her airy larder. On cool stone shelves she saw her piles of butter and cakes and cream. A fine big ham, which she had cooked by steam, reposed upon a glass stand. A freshly-opened large tin of tongue was near it, and a little further a basket of eggs. On a high shelf were dozens of pots of home-made jam, tins of sardines and salmon, and peaches and plums, with many other tinned appeals to the appetites of tourists. Bertha eyed all these things with immense satisfaction, and some very pardonable pride.

Through a doorway in this cool larder she passed into a white-tiled scullery of considerable size, at the end of which was a vast enamelled sink, with a great plate rack above it. Beside this sink was a big cistern, which had to be filled daily by pumping water from a well. This tramp could do that, with one arm, certainly. He could wash cups and plates while she dried them, too. He could clean knives. Oh! she was sure he could do lots of things that would help her. She liked the look of him. His eyes had a look you saw in nice children's, she thought. She wanted to be kind to him. All the same, in her frugal way, she thought she saw utility in him.

As she was passing from this scullery into the yard by a door which opened right on the table where the tramp had been given his breakfast, she saw him bringing his empty plate and cup. He was smiling, and began to thank her.

' Come in here,' she said, smiling herself. ' I want to talk to you.'

He looked a little surprised, but obeyed her. In his mind was the thought that after this wonderful windfall of a good breakfast, he must restart tramping. ' Come and sit down in the kitchen,' she said, leading the way.

He found himself seated by a white scrubbed table; and, seated opposite to him, he saw a pretty woman in a green linen frock, and a white muslin apron. What would come next? Bertha lost no time.

' You want work,' she said, ' and we can give it to you.'

For answer he held up the arm which had no hand.

' That does not matter,' she declared a trifle sharply. She was more touched by the action than she cared to own. ' You can help me a lot with our tea-garden even though you have been so—so unfortunate as to lose a hand. I have clothes of my husband's you can wear, and a room you can have.'

He paled, and gasped, ' But you do not know anything about me! '

' Oh! yes I do,' cried Bertha. ' I know an honest face when I see it. What is your name? '

' Orlando dès Mores Rivers,' he told her.

She stared at him amazedly.

' What a rum name! ' she ejaculated.

A faint flush spread over his face, as he said, ' My mother read a book she was main fond of, with Orlando dès Mores in it. He was the one the story was about. She called me after him.' Then followed his whole history.

To Orlando's own surprise he found himself telling Bertha about his love for Meg Burgess, who was servant at the farm where he had worked. He told Bertha how glad he had been that he had not let Meg know his feelings, for (here his pale face flushed like a young girl's) Meg had seemed as if she cared for him too. How could poor little Meg be bound to a one-handed man? Now, she was free to choose another since he had not spoken!

Bertha, who had experienced her own romantic upheavals, felt a lump rise in her throat as this tramp opened his heart. Those almost childlike eyes, which met hers so candidly, and were now illumined by newly-born hope she had inspired in him, confirmed her in the step she was taking.

' Now, look here, Orlando,' she said in what she tried to make a matter-of-fact voice, but into the tones of which crept a sympathy which was understood, and acted at once as a balm and a stimulant to the broken man, ' We've got a bathroom. We've got a copperful of hot water. You go and have a bath. I'll put fresh clothes ready for you. You hurry up and help me. I'll put you in the way. But I've lots to do, so I can't waste time talking—not now. Don't you worry any. You do as I tell you same as my husband does. We're in for a busy day now it's so fine. In the evening we'll talk. Now, don't start thanking! maybe before long I shall want to start that! '

Orlando, who so strangely had dreamed beautiful dreams in his solitary tramping, began to believe they were coming true, as he felt the warm water cover his weary body in that wonderful bath. He had always cared for cleanliness, and had somehow always managed that a clean body went to sleep in that hayloft at the farm. His mother had brought him up that way. And Meg! little Meg, in her clean lilac print, she had once said to him, ' You like to be real clean same as me.'

He had to spur himself to hurry to dress. He must not dream as he had done on his long tramp. But very regretfully he left the delicious caress of the warm water on weary limbs.

Hippery met him as he came out of the bathroom, and gave a start of astonishment. Before him he saw what he styled an immaculate waiter!

'What is my first job, sir?' asked Orlando humbly.

'You ask the missis,' answered Hippery. 'You are that altered!—well, your eyes are all that seem the same.'

'There's another thing that's the same, sir, and that's my heart full of thankfulness to God for leading me.'

Hippery pondered over this saying. Somehow he got a glimmer of a new light.

This day, as Bertha had predicted, proved to be a very busy one, and as she also had expected, Orlando proved a great help. He was not lethargic, as is usually the farm labourer. He was quick on the up-take. He seemed to learn his new job in a day. From his mother, who had given him so romantic a name, he had inherited integrity, intelligence, and a childlike faith in God.

It was not long that day before Hippery discovered that Orlando was a distinct asset to the establishment. Wending his way alertly between the crowded tables, he saw to the needs of the visitors, his childlike smile won them even before they realized the pathos of his one-handedness.

At the end of the day, when Hippery, Bertha, and Orlando sat down to supper in the kitchen, Orlando laid down twenty-five shillings he had received in tips. He pushed the money in front of Bertha's plate, saying, 'Take this for a little bit of what I owe you. I am so happy!'

Bertha pushed back the money gently. 'Orlando,' she said in her most practical voice, 'put that money by. Save all you make in tips so you can marry Meg. You don't think we are not going to pay you wages?'

Orlando's expressive eyes looked at her with an almost incredible joy. 'Am I to get wages?' he asked. 'Surely what I can do here only deserves my board.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' exclaimed Bertha. 'We are going to give you thirty shillings a week, and board, and lodging. What you make by tips is yours. I never could have believed a one-handed man could do so much. Besides, you interest the visitors. You attract custom.'

'Yes,' interpolated Hippery. 'The customers were so pleased with you that I nearly sold out my stock of handbags.'

Bertha spoke. ' Orlando, you write to Meg, and tell her where you are, and that you do not forget her. I've put paper and envelopes and stamps in your room.'

Orlando was almost beside himself with joy that night when he wrote to Meg Burgess. The clean, sweet room, the clean, sweet bed, his clean, unragged clothes, it all seemed impossible. Yet there it was. That morning he had leaned on the gate of this tea-garden, a ragged tramp, with not a penny in his pocket, and to-night he was not only well lodged, but had some money in hand, and regular employment. That was the work of the God his mother had always taught him to believe in. He was thankful to God that it was his left hand that had gone, and not his right one. Yes, he could write to Meg now. Here was a chance to earn enough to keep a wife. These people—these Hipperys—would not let him down. God didn't do things like that. God would not have brought him here to make a mock of him. God knew he had lost a hand, same as He knew when a sparrow fell to the ground. God was just being a Father to him, and He had given him a holiday learning all about birds and flowers and skies. Now He had given him work, and work a one-handed man could do. What his old mother had always said was true—God was a Father.

He sat down at a little table, where Bertha had placed writing materials, to write to Meg. On the wall above the table was a picture. It had been nailed there by Hippery's mother. It was *Our Lord's Agony in the Garden.* Orlando's childlike eyes fastened themselves upon it.

' Oh, Lord Jesus! ' he said under his breath, ' it is You, not me, who has suffered. You, like my mother said, bore our sorrrows.'

* * * * *

In an orchard all abloom a little servant girl, garbed in a fresh lilac print gown, partly hidden by a coarse linen apron, was feeding a motherless lamb from a bottle. A warm sun, peeping through the flower-clad branches of the fruit-trees, made little shifting shadows on the girl and on the lamb, while a tiny breeze now and again caused a shower of apple-blossom petals to descend upon them both. The lamb tugged at the bottle and fluttered its tail. The girl smiled, but down her cheeks tears were stealing.

' Only this time last year! ' she said to the lamb, ' Orlando was in this orchard with me, and there was another lamb I was feeding. He looked at me. How he looked! and his eyes made

me think—made me know. But little lamb, he never spoke the word—and me all the time wanting him to speak! '

The smile which the thought of that other spring called up, faded. Tears fell more freely—hopeless tears. ' He went away, little lamb, and I'll never see him again, and I'm fair broken-hearted!—him with his left hand took off and all! What work could he get with only one hand, poor fellow!—and me that would work my fingers to the bone for him, most willing, me not knowing nothing! '

The bottle was empty now, and the lamb was frisking joyously in the long grass. Still she lingered, thinking of Orlando, and grieving.

' Meg! Meg! ' called the farmer's wife from somewhere out of sight. ' Hurry up! These milk pails are waiting to be scoured.'

The voice was not unkindly, but it was imperative. This farmer's wife ' set the pace ' in the farmhouse herself. She worked hard, and she saw to it that others did not idle. In her opinion this lamb's breakfast was taking too long. Meg hurriedly dried her eyes on her apron and ran to the dairy, where the pails were waiting to be scoured. She was secretly thankful that this operation would give a little time for traces of tears to disappear, before she was called in to breakfast.

In an outhouse near the dairy was a big copper with a fire burning beneath it. The water in the copper was boiling. She was glad of that, for there were many pails to scour, as this was a dairy-farm chiefly, and there was a fine herd of cattle. She set to work briskly, and got through her task just as her mistress called her to breakfast. All the household, including Meg, sat down to meals together in the big farm-kitchen, where flitches of bacon and hams hung from the ceiling, and highly-polished dish-covers hung on the walls. And right good meals this farmer's wife provided.

Meg entered the kitchen, and took her place at the table, on which was a gargantuan dish of ham and eggs, flanked by a dish of griddle-cakes, and loaves of home-made bread. Two dishes of home-made butter (one at each end of the table), together with a huge pot of coffee, completed the feast. The farmer and three stalwart sons were already seated.

' There's the postman! ' said the farmer. ' Maybe I'll hear if those oilcakes are on the way. We're nigh through what we've got.'

One of the sons hastily rose and made for the door. He had an amorous reason for taking in the letters himself. His brothers were apt to laugh about the frequency with which he

received letters in the same handwriting. He came back with a pile of letters, for which the farmer held out a hand, remarking, ' I wonder if this lot will contain an answer to my advertisement to poor Orlando. Poor chap, I want to help him. He lost his hand working for me; a good lad he was! I don't sleep easy thinking of him going off from hospital like he did. I told him I'd look after him, too! '

' He was silly-proud,' affirmed the farmer's wife. ' I hold with pride, but Orlando went too far. Yes, a good lad he was, and son of a good mother. I wish we could find him. Maybe he doesn't look at the newspapers properly, else he'd have seen one of our advertisements.'

The farmer was busy sorting the letters. Suddenly he looked up, and then directly at Meg in some surprise.

' There's one for you,' he said, as he tossed it across the table. ' The first that's come to you, I'm thinking.'

Meg picked up the letter with eager, trembling fingers. Her face became rosy-red, then very white. She slipped the letter into her pocket. Glances were exchanged round the table.

' Come, Meg,' said the farmer, ' have a look at your letter.'

The tone was so kind that the girl obeyed. She knew that only one person was likely to have written to her. She also had in her mind the sympathetic way the farmer had just spoken of Orlando. She read several closely-written pages, sniffing the while in a tell-tale manner.

' Well, Meg, what's the news that makes you look so happy? ' asked her mistress.

' Orlando has got a good job, ma'am,' she blurted out. ' He's helping in a tea-garden in a village Hastings way. The people —them as has the tea-garden, are so good to him. It's like heaven, to his showing. He's been tramping, looking for work. He didn't want to burden no one, he says. He says he knew you'd want to help him if you knew where he was. Now he sends his respects to you all, and says how he knows you'll be glad he's got a good job he can do.' She paused, flushing vividly.

' Well, what else? ' asked the farmer's wife.

' He's asked me to marry him.' Meg tumbled these words out almost ludicrously.

The farmer burst into glad laughter.

' I always thought Orlando had a soft place in his heart for you, Meg,' he said heartily, ' and you've both been faithful servants—and we shan't forget it when the time comes for a wedding present.'

In Royal Meath

An Incident from the Civil War in Ireland

By P. K. HORAN

In the ache of broken dreams,
When the vision fades and dies:
Thro' each blow that waits my heart;
Thro' the pall of darkened skies—
Let me keep my soul!

When the song of hope has ceased;
When the shout of praise has died;
When I stand alone and dazed,
And the evil gates are wide—
Let me keep my soul!

THREE months dragged to a close in Kilmainham Jail. Rumours concerning our removal had been in circulation for some time. Then one day we were informed officially that we were to be removed to Gormanston Internment Camp. It did not take us very long to pack our personal belongings. Accommodation in the cells, as may well be imagined, was strictly limited. Consequently we were not overburdened with ' household appurtenances ' of any kind. A couple of books, a writing pad, an overcoat, and a few fragments of sweet cake (from home) formed my own kit.

We were paraded at four o'clock in the morning for inspection and preparation. With a shout and a song we left the gloomy walls behind us. Three months had seemed like three years in that forbidding keep. There was so little *vital* fellowship that the hours had passed on leaden feet. Every day had brought fresh news of some Republican defeat. Stronghold after stronghold in the country districts had fallen before the steady and triumphant advance of the Government troops. Cork City, which had been regarded as a strong ' fortress ' of the Irregular forces gave way almost without a struggle. The Free State soldiers marched on from victory to victory. This last was very depressing to prisoners. Every new morn brought hope that in some way or other a great reverse would be experienced by the Free State Executive and Army; the prisons be attacked and captured; but as the days grew into weeks, without any encouraging fruition, despondency set in. Some there were, of course, whose airy, thoughtless optimism conceived of a brilliant triumph for the Republicans ' at any moment.'

We were glad of one thing when we reached Gormanston—

fresh air. We had suffered from a lack of fresh air in Kilmainham. The atmosphere there was not healthy at all. Then again, confinement in a narrow space between tall, darkening walls was not conducive to good spirits.

Gormanston was in the heart of the country. The old folks say that one can have too much of a good thing. This we discovered to be true when winter set in with frost and rigour. Fresh air was not so readily sought then. Too much of it came —with the screaming wind between the cracks and crevices of the military huts in which we were domiciled.

Historic Meath.

The country round about Gormanston is full of historic interest. Meath has been called Royal Meath because it was there that the dwellings of the high kings of ancient Ireland were situated. There also the great Festivals—such as Aonach Táilteann—were held in the old days. Teamhrach na Riogh, as it has been called in the Gaelic tongue—Tara of the kings—was the centre of national life. There is a noble tradition concerning the Apostle of the Gael Patrick associated with it. There it was, the Chronicles tell us, that they saw Patrick's Paschal lamp aburning on that day in May—Mi na Bealtaine, the month of the fire of Baal—when all fires were extinguished in Ireland. May that same true Light which it symbolized lighten the darkness of Inis Fáil—the Island of Destiny!

Meath was also one of the five Provinces into which ancient Ireland was divided. I am afraid that the prisoners were not thinking of Royal Meath's ancient grandeur and historic renown. Far sweeter on their arrival was ' bully beef ' than

> **The harp which once thro' Tara's halls**
> **The soul of music shed.**

We were like caged birds released for a little while when we first reached the Internment Camp. The open countryside that stretched bewitchingly green before our eyes was a blessed relief after the semi-darkness of Kilmainham's interior. We were not very long behind the wires until a few prisoners had escaped. When we passed through the gate of the Aerodrome leading into the camp compound some of the prisoners walked quickly towards the far end of the camp. As we had only just arrived the guards were not so vigilant, and indeed no sentries had been placed near the wires at the end of the camp. Consequently those prisoners who went to the end were able to examine the wires without interference. They found that the barbed wire in one particular spot was loose, and so, kneeling down, they raised it and crawled

underneath. A group of us saw the figures running in a stooped position across the fields. The alarm was raised by some Free State guard, but it was too late; and I think that only one of the men was caught afterwards. We envied them their good fortune, needless to say. Guards were immediately placed around the wires, and this precaution prevented further escapes. The Free State Commandant of the Camp—Commandant Morken—was a thorough gentleman in all his dealings with the prisoners. This could not be said of others.

We had a little privacy in Kilmainham because of the cells; but there was no privacy whatever in the Internment Camp. We were herded together and the common decencies of life could not be observed to any appreciable extent. There were about forty men in my hut, and the beds were laid side by side with very little space between. A thin wooden partition about five feet high divided the larger huts into two. The beds were small and good, but the blankets were filthy. Clouds of dust issued from them.

Amusing Characters.

One met the most extraordinary and amusing characters. There, for instance, was the British ex-soldier from Dublin. He was always conceiving the most ' ingenious ' plots and plans for the destruction of the Free State Army. With ' wisdom, skill, and dexterity ' he promoted schemes—of course, let it be remembered, in the comparative safety of the Internment Camp, —whereby mines could be laid and marching battalions hurled into nothingness. It relieved the monotony and broke the tedium sometimes to listen to him; and eventually he was designated ' Landmine.' Poor old harmless ' Landmine,' his bark was surely much worse than his bite! His wife, it would seem, shared in the same strange mentality. She always prefaced his name by the title ' Irregular.' Her envelopes invariably created amused smiles. He was quite proud of his ' title,' too. He was not really a bad sort—and certainly not bloodthirsty, as his conversation might, on first acquaintance, have led one to believe. He was just a very ordinary middle-aged man, without much intellectual balance, who had been influenced by the militaristic mock-heroics of early Civil War days. It was questionable, indeed, whether he had fired one round of ammunition or not. It was not difficult to be Napoleonic or even Neronic behind barbed wire. None of us, I think, took ' Landmine ' seriously.

Then there was ' Big Barney.' His ' official ' title was ' O.C. Rumours.' He had the most amazing stock of rumours one could

imagine. From morning until night he was spinning and weaving rumours. These he circulated with the utmost assiduity. He had a tremendous belief in his own perspicuity and perspicacity. No defeat daunted him. No discouraging reports depressed him. To-morrow would surely bring heartening news. He had the most childlike faith in the wisdom and honesty of the Irregular leaders. His devotion was doglike. A man of powerful build and strong physique, his figure was a prominent one in the Camp. Every morning he returned from ' Rumour hill ' as a certain place where the ' gossips ' gathered was called. His return to ' C ' hut was the signal for silence. All would listen for ' Barney's ' latest report. It was always startling, of course. ' Five hundred men to be released to-day, boys,' he would announce with *sang froid.* The wish, in that case, was father to the statement. By dint of repetition he was led to believe himself. He never emulated the example of the Roman who, when listening to a story, placed cotton in one ear that it might be reserved to hear the other side of the story. Whatever he heard that favoured his own pet theories he accepted without reservation. He was ' a rough diamond ' for all that, and we enjoyed his wild flights of fancy. He used to assist in the making of a prison dish inartistically—though perhaps not inaccurately—described as ' Bolshevik stew.' This dish was composed or compounded of various and ' revolutionary ' elements. Its prime virtue lay in the fact of its being warm. It was not an official dish if by ' official ' we mean those dishes which were supplied by the Prison Authorities. It was not indeed a culinary creation of the cookhouse, but rather an appetizing pride of ' C ' hut.

Seldom were the Camp meals warm, and seldom were they appetizing. However, a scheme was developed later by a few ' cronies,' and by this scheme we were enabled to produce something warm and eatable. ' Tinned salmon ' was the order of the day for dinner. Indeed, it was the order for every day, unfortunately. There was a coal or coke stove in ' C ' hut, and its top was of the moveable type. When turned upside down it was a passable ' pan.' Some cookhouse coal was ' *adopted,*' and provided constant fuel. Our own share of tinned salmon was brought from ' the dining hall ' to the hut. Every prisoner was allowed a half tin of salmon. With the salmon we mixed ' bully beef ' and bread crumbs, and anything, in the least eatable. This mixture was placed on the stove ' pan ' and liberally besprinkled with salt and pepper. We did not provide ourselves with a

cook. We were all constituted cooks as our individual and collective knowledge of the culinary art was negligible. Each of us—in the inner circle of favoured ones—for the invention was ' patented '—helped in the cooking. Each in turn gave the messy mixture a stirring and sprinkled it with salt. ' O.C. Rumours ' used to take off his coat to help in the cooking. The aroma never failed to gather inquirers at the window. They were not invited to partake of the repast. However, they passed remarks not always of a complimentary nature. Strangely enough we liked the ' Bolshevik stew ' principally because, as already suggested, it was warm. We made our ' tea ' in a little Mackintosh Toffee tin. The same tin served for a drum whenever an occasion for noise arose.

Dodging the Inspectors.

We were inspected and counted very morning at 8 o'clock. We paraded at the foot of our beds, and stood to attention as the Free State officers, accompanied by the prisoners' officers, passed through the huts. At the beginning of our internment we used to ' number off ' while the Free State officer stood at the door of the hut. When some prisoners had escaped, the remainder, in the huts to which they belonged, used to give false numbers at morning inspection. A prisoner in the centre of the line would call out two numbers, and perhaps three, and in this way deceive the officer as to the correct total. This was discovered eventually, and the result was that the Free State officers would pass along the lines counting as they went. That was not a perfect and infallible system either. Two huts—B and C—were very close together, being only divided by a wooden partition. The men in C hut removed enough boarding to allow a man to pass through into B hut, and so the same man would be counted twice. The boarding was removed where a bed was situated, and the bed made an effectual covering for the man's ingress. This plan was ultimately defeated when the Prison Authorities sent an officer into each hut at the same time.

After some months' detention in Gormanston the prisoners were given official-looking documents.

The one handed to me read as follows:

SAOR STAT EIREANN.
PUBLIC SAFETY (EMERGENCY POWERS) ACT, 1923.
PUBLIC SAFETY (EMERGENCY POWERS) No. 2 ACT, 1923.
ORDER BY THE MINISTER FOR DEFENCE.

Whereas Pádraig O'Hodhrain, Dublin (hereinafter referred to as the prisoner) was at the date of the passing of the Public

Safety (Emergency Powers) Act, 1923, detained in Military Custody,

And Whereas the prisoner was not before the passing of the said Act sentenced to any term of imprisonment or penal servitude by any tribunal established by the Military Authorities,

And Whereas I am of opinion that the public safety would be endangered by the prisoner being set at liberty,

Now I, Risteard Ua Maolchatha, an Executive Minister within the meaning of the said Act, do hereby order and direct that the prisoner be detained in custody under the said Act until further order, but not after the expiration of the said Act.

Dated this 9th day of August, 1923.

Signed, Risteard Ua Maolchatha,
Minister for Defence,
Member of the Executive Council of Saor Stat Eireann.

That certainly was not hopeful. I was not at this time the least danger to the Government of Saor Stát Eireann (Free State of Ireland). Through disillusionment and disgust my political opinions had taken on a widely different tinge. My whole outlook was radically changed. I was beginning to realize, however dimly, that a vital spiritual principle of regeneration alone could uplift the nation. I have thought of that many times since in connexion with the words of our Divine Master Himself, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the bondslave of sin.' Neither nation nor individual can be truly free unless and until righteousness be dominant in their lives. Freedom is a gift of God; and it is possible, therefore, yea, patent, that bondslaves of sin may walk beneath a banner of liberty. This truth was being borne in upon me, with increasing force, during the period of my detention both in Kilmainham Jail and Gormanston Internment Camp. Ireland's need was for Christ who alone could bring the spirit and power of a transfiguring ideal. Without the Overshadowing Glory of the Galilean, political gains, or any other, were tawdry and vain.

Songs of liberty are worthless, in the last analysis, unless they are transformed and glorified in the Song of the Redeemed which they sing unto the Lamb who sitteth upon the Throne for ever and ever—even He who hath made us kings and priests. A drunken man may sing with boisterous fervour of liberty and equality, but he would be the veriest slave in his own soul.

(*To be continued.*)

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

III. SHAKESPEARE (2)

IN an earlier part of *The Taming of the Shrew* we have further information about the construction of the lute, and also of the strange use to which it might be put by an irritable pupil. Hortensio is explaining to Katherine's father his experiences of the lady as a lute pupil:

> I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
> And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
> When with a most impatient, devilish spirit
> 'Frets call you these,' quoth she, 'I'll fume with them,'
> And with that word she struck me on the head.
> And through the instrument my pate made way;
> And then I stood amazed for a while
> As on a pillory looking through the lute
> While she did call me rascal fiddler,
> And twangling Jack.

The frets were the marks to indicate the positions of the various notes. They were usually made of ivory, but occasionally of catgut tied tightly round the neck. No matter how tight they might be fastened they would frequently slip at inopportune moments, to the annoyance and confusion of the player. Mr. Galpin tells us that the value of a lute in Elizabeth's reign ranged from £10 to £15, apart, of course, from the case, which was sometimes made in very elaborate fashion. One wonders what kind of lute-case it was that Bardolph (*Henry V*) stole, and carrying it three leagues, sold it for three half-pence!

The Viols.

There is a remarkable illustration drawn from the use of the viols in *Richard II*, in the speech uttered by the Duke of Norfolk, when he hears his sentence of banishment:

> The language I have learned these forty years,
> My native English, now I must forego:
> And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
> Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
> Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
> Or being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

There were three varieties of viols, bass, tenor and treble. They usually had six strings each, and were freakish like the lute. The viol was, perhaps, the most popular stringed instrument of the day, especially with the gentry, and in many a grand

household a ' chest ' of viols was usually kept for the use of the host and his friends. The violin, although probably known in France, had scarcely found its way into this country, though Shakespeare makes a brief contemptuous reference to the ' fiddle,' but the contrabass, or big fiddle, was in use under the name of violone, which gives its name to the modern violoncello (a little violone). This accounts for the spelling of the name, which is often a trap to those who, knowing no better, spell it ' violincello.'

The virginal, or pair of virginals, as it was commonly called, is only indirectly referred to in a striking passage. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale,* where Leontes says that Mamilius is

> still virginalling
> Upon his palm.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of playing upon the instrument, though the name has nothing to do with the virgin queen. Upon one occasion Melvil, the Scottish ambassador, found himself in an awkward position, which he has narrated in his *Memoirs*:

' The same day after dinner my Lord of Hurnden drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile I look by the tapestry that hung by the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty pace, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately so soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she was not used to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy.'

The Queen was apparently satisfied with Melvil's explanation of his presence, and entered into conversation with him. Hearing that Queen Mary of Scotland was also a player, Elizabeth asked the ambassador ' whether my Queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise.'

The Organ.

Although this instrument was in use in Shakespeare's time, it does not appear to have made any appeal to him. There is no doubt that he was acquainted with it, otherwise he would never have written

> The thunder
> That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced,
> The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.

What organ was it that the poet heard, and suggested to him the idea of thunder? The organist of to-day who attempts to rival the grandest sounds of nature, makes free use of the pedals joined to other ' accessories ' with which modern instruments are furnished, but his thunder-loving ancestor of the Tudor period had no such resources at his command. English organs of the time possessed no pedals, nor had they pipes of the size necessary to produce thunder effects. The largest pipes they had were not bigger than those usually seen in front of modern instruments and situated over the manuals. Many instruments possessed an accessory at that time known as ' The Shaking Stopp,' but now called the Tremulant. To produce his thunder the Tudor organist would probably bring the ' shaking stopp ' into action, and put his left hand on a few lower notes. The great effect of the approach and passing of the thunder was altogether beyond him. It is produced to-day by the opening and closing of some shutters affixed to a large box containing some of the pipes, but this device had not then been introduced.

Mr. Louis C. Elson, in his *Shakespeare in Music,* says, ' In 1605 Thomas Dallam set up, in King's College, Cambridge, the first complete two-manual organ of England. In it were some tremendous pedal pipes still used (we believe) in the deepest register of the instrument. According to Furnival *The Tempest* was written very soon thereafter, and consequently we find the " deep and dreadful organ pipe " preserved to posterity in a still more imperishable play.' There is, however, nothing to show that Shakespeare ever heard this instrument. I have already stated that organs had no pedal pipes in those days, nor do any of the original pipes in the organ referred to remain to-day, as they were all cleared out and put to baser uses about the time of the Commonwealth.

There does not appear to have been an organ in Stratford-on-Avon Church during Shakespeare's lifetime. Records exist showing that in the fifteenth century regulations were drawn up for the choristers, one of them being that after dinner they were to go to the singing school and ' learn to sing to the organs.' After the Reformation there is no record of an organ in the church till 1729. The only churches where Shakespeare may have heard the organ were St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, and St. Saviour's, Southwark. But there is no proof that he ever attended them, and even if he did he was apparently not impressed with the organ or its music.

(*To be continued.*)

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

CHICKABIDDY

EVEN when on a holiday, my easel and my paintbox, with all the etceteras of my craft, go with me. My brother-in-law, Anselm, says I take a ' Busman's holiday,'—whatever that may mean. My sister Dorothea says that if I were wise I should leave behind me every reminder of work. She says it is ridiculous to go on painting and sketching when on holiday. She even attempted to remove from my ' kit ' all that formed part of my work in life, when I started upon this particular holiday, from the vicarage, in which she and Anselm buried themselves for most of the year.

I had gone to them for a week-end, before starting for a little-known seaside paradise, which I will call Sunnybeach, though its real name is something else.

I put down a firm foot (or, rather hand). I replaced all my painting and sketching materials in my kit. ' My dear Dorothea,' I said with an air of finality, ' I cannot allow you you to spoil my holiday.'

' But Gabrielle ! ' she cried, in a tone which combined reproach with a certain offended dignity, ' you know perfectly well that all I want is that your holiday shall be a real one. You work hard. Your brushes and pencils ought to have a rest. Lie on the beach, and doze over the books Anselm has given you. Forget your work.'

Poor Dorothea ! she did not understand. On a holiday I just play with my brushes and pencils. It is not work. I am not illustrating magazine stories, or books—the wings of my fancy clipped to suit editorial requirements ! I paint and sketch for myself when on holiday. Oh, the joy of it ! the freedom ! And I don't have to send *that* work in ' on time.' I can leave off when I choose.

Well, I had my way, and so got a portfolio of dear memories to carry back to my London flat, to dream over on dull evenings : and something else. My most delicious memory of Sunnybeach was Chickabiddy.

Chickabiddy was a really beautiful, brown-skinned, black-haired child of seven. Her hair, cut short, curled all over her head. Her eyes were deep pansy-violet, and black-lashed. Carnation tinted her dusky cheeks. Her mouth was red against

a set of tiny white teeth. I noted all this as I glanced at her from under a green umbrella, as I lay on the golden sands, resting, as Dorothea would have wished me to rest.

The child wore neither shoes nor stockings, and was clad in a faded blue cotton frock.

'What's your name, lady?' she asked, giving my umbrella a tilt upwards with a small brown hand, that she might see me better. 'You and me have all the beach.'

'If I tell you my name you must tell me yours,' I said.

The child looked out to sea, frowning slightly. Then she turned a radiant smile on me, as she said, 'I've heard my name. It's a dreadful long one, and I can't remember it; but Granny calls me Chickabiddy. Grannies are nice things, aren't they? My Granny makes fishing-nets; and she takes round pies she's made to sell to people. She sells funny things, to put in her front-room window. Granny helped once to launch the lifeboat. There's only Granny and me. I help her with things like washing-up, and peeling potatoes. She sent me on the beach to-day to play till dinner. I want a new game, and I have no one to play with. All the children work here. What is your name, miss?'

'Gabrielle Garth,' I told her, and added, 'I think you and I will play a new game.'

'What is it?' the child asked eagerly.

I got up, and took a painting-block from my case.

'You stand there, Chickabiddy, and very soon I'll show you another Chickabiddy on this paper.'

She looked incredulous. Then she laughed, showing two adorable dimples. 'You're havin' me on!' she affirmed.

'Wait and see,' I answered. In a very short time I had Chickabiddy on canvas. It was only a sketch, but it was the very child. She came at my bidding to look at it.

'Why, it's me!' she cried. 'It's more me than in the looking-glass;—but our looking-glass has got spots on it,—no, not them done by flies on things. Granny says it's damp. You will show my picture to Granny, miss, won't you?' I promised.

'What shall we play at next, Chickabiddy?' I asked.

'We'll play that you are a magician like one in my fairy-book,' she said, 'and I am a little girl you will show all sorts of things to.'

'Well, Chickabiddy, what do you want to see?' I asked.

'I'd like to see my daddy come out of the sea and walk up the beach, miss. I've called him and called him. I know he is in

the sea. He was drowned—fishing. Can you make my daddy come, miss? '

' No, little one,' I made answer. ' But some day you'll be called to go to him.'

' I don't want to go into the sea,' she declared.

' Your daddy is not in the sea,' I told her. ' He was in the sea, but God took him right up into a beautiful heaven.'

' I must tell Granny. She thinks he is in the sea,' said the child, a luminous, strange joy shining in her violet eyes. ' I suppose you know more than Granny, because you are a lady.'

' I think it likely that your Granny could teach me many things,' I made answer. ' Take me to her, and I will show her the other Chickabiddy.'

We reached a small cottage, where an old bronzed woman sat on a wooden chair, outside her door, making a fishing-net. She looked up in some surprise when she saw Chickabiddy holding on to my skirts. I held up the picture before her eyes.

' Oh! ' she gasped. ' That's my lamb! ' Her netting fell from her hands. She rose, shaking visibly.

' Who did it? ' she asked in a quavering voice. I told her.

' But, miss, it don't seem possible. I'd like to buy it, miss, if I've got enough outside what I've put by for my funeral. Oh, miss! that child is my joy and my pain. What will become of her when I am gone? She's no kith and kin. Her daddy was drownded—cruel, it were! and her mother died when her were born. And me as reared her, am seventy-five come Christmas. I can't help to launch the lifeboat no more.'

' Daddy isn't in the sea,' she said. ' God took him out of the water to heaven. The lady says so.'

Anselm and Dorothea say I am a creature of impulse. My next words certainly proved them right.

' Listen Mrs. ——.' I hesitated.

' Gabb is my name, miss, and the kid's name is Elizabeth Caroline Gabb.'

' Well, Mrs. Gabb, I am a lonely old maid. Why not give me Chickabiddy, and give me a new joy in life. Then you see your heart will be at rest about her future. I would bring her to see you every year, and I will leave you the picture.'

' I like your face. Chickabiddy has took to you. I'll trust you. It's that, or maybe the workhouse. I thank you, miss. God bless you and my lamb.'

So Chickabiddy is now with me! and happy, though she wept to leave her Granny.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

'John Bunyan.'

EVERYBODY is aware that this year is the Tercentenary of John Bunyan, the immortal Dreamer of Bedford, and though we may profess to know all about him, yet it is well to re-read his life-story. For this purpose there is no more concise and well-written *Life* than that by the Rev. R. Winboult Harding. Here is pictured in excellent language the doing of Bunyan from early life to the end. It is fascinating and inspiring, and any one who wishes to lecture on the Bedfordshire Tinker will find in these pages all he needs. The story of how he wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress' is told with great clearness. In fact no phase of Bunyan's life is overlooked. (*John Bunyan, His Life and Times,* 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

'Evolution and the Spirit of Man.'

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy of London University was gained by the Rev. J. Parton Milum for his Thesis on the above subject now published in book form (7*s.* 6*d.* net). He aims at re-reading the facts of scientific research in biology, geology, anthropology, and psychology, so as to throw light on the evolutionary world-view of man himself. Dr. Milum has his feet firmly grounded on experience and his eye on the world as a whole. There are seven chapters in the book besides an Introduction on Evolution and Philosophy. Among the topics are 'What is the Spirit of Man?' 'Does Nature yield evidence of Purpose?' and 'Christianity with the background of Evolution?' For those interested in the great subject of Evolution Dr. Milum's writing will provoke much thought.

'John Wesley.'

The founder of the Methodist Church is always a fascinating subject and Rev. Wm. Wakinshaw has done well to provide a cheap handy volume depicting the Life of John Wesley (1*s.* and 2*s.* net). It by no means exhausts its topic, but there is a careful and clearly delineated sketch of the 'great little man' who did so much for the eighteenth century and whose influence to-day is greater than ever. For young people who have not yet read a life of Wesley this is the book to begin with. It will whet the appetite for larger works on the world-wide evangelist. The

social side of Wesley's life is not overlooked by Mr. Wakinshaw, and to young readers this will no doubt come as a surprise.

Dr. Lidgett's 'Reminiscences.'

No Wesleyan minister to-day holds such a unique place in the church's life as Dr. J. Scott Lidgett of the Bermondsey Settlement. He had a great ancestry and has led a strenuous life, and happily is still with us in all his vigour and is strenuously fulfilling his life-work in Bermondsey. Here in his *Reminiscences* (2*s.* 6*d.* net), with his well-known modesty, he tells the story of his life. In circuits, the University, the Settlement, in the L.C.C., the Free Church Council and also with Bishops and politicians he has laboured unceasingly. Sidelights on such questions as education and the war will yield thought to the reader. As an epitome of the progress of Methodism in some aspects it will open the eyes of many. It is also a vigorous sketch of Free Church life during the last fifty years to be found nowhere else. Interviews and talks with many great Anglicans, Prime Ministers, Free Church Leaders like Dr. Clifford, to mention only one, show clearly the immense amount of work for the good of the church and the national life which Dr. Lidgett has so far accomplished.

Read, Mark, Learn.

Those three words apply strongly to Herston Travers' *Straight Talks to Christians* (1*s.* net), for in a series of twelve short chapters she deals with some of the acute problems of church life both individually and collectively. The money question, amusements, office bearing, &c., are all dealt with faithfully and if every church member were to read this little book and follow out its lessons there would be a better, purer, and more inspiring church life. Young people especially should be brought into touch with these pages, for the sooner they see the church life from the author's sane standpoint the better for them.

'Who Loves a Rainy Day?'

Well, who does? And yet Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, in the book of that title (2*s.* net), shows how rainy days may be made useful and blessed. But that is only one of the twelve topics which this gifted writer deals with in talks to women and particularly to mothers. Many of the difficulties which face women in the home are tackled with great shrewdness and wise insight. Almost every phase of home-life finds a place in this

book. The question of keeping up appearances, the lack of appreciation, the plain face, harking back or always contemplating the past, what not to say, and what to hoard—these are among the questions squarely faced and expounded with much gracious skill. The leaders of mothers' meetings will find these chapters well worth study and if read publicly they will no doubt be a means of much good. Mrs. Kernahan has the knack of saying the right thing in the right way.

Mark Guy Pearse Again.

Very few Methodist preachers have the happy art of writing expositions of scripture as Mark Guy Pearse has. Again he has laid us under a deep obligation by his new book *He Must Reign* —a series of studies mostly of New Testament texts. There is that touch about all the chapters which readers of Mr. Pearse's works know so well. Homely, sympathetic, full of faith and hope, those pages will prove a tonic to the perplexed and anxious, and a source of inspiration to those who search for the clear teaching of Bible truths. On every page there are sentences that shine clear and arresting. Old stories are made to live again and old truths are expounded with such felicity as almost to appear new. Mr. Pearse has no use for coldness and harshness; but he does teach the duty and privilege of being loveable, tender, and gracious. Here is a book that can be read at eventide or in the midst of a busy life and refreshment of soul will be the result. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

'Out of Focus.'

Such is the title of a series of addresses to boys and girls by the Rev. Clifford N. Button, M.A., Ph.D., late of Candlish Church, Edinburgh (2*s.* net). In the Foreword the author tells us that they were delivered during a period of three years in the church and he than had no idea of publishing them, but his people urged him to do so. Those who read these addresses will thank Mr. Button for yielding to his people's appeal, for there are here over twenty talks, not on worn-out topics. 'The Motor-car that wouldn't go,' 'Esperanto,' 'The Great Football Match,' 'A Visit from a Policeman,' 'A New Suit of Clothes,' 'The Thrashing' and after, are some of the subjects very ably dealt with. The last four talks are really a Children's Service well arranged and most suggestive. Preachers and Sunday-school workers especially will find help and suggestions here worthy of perusal.

BOOK CHAT

'Stories of Methodist Music.'

Is there any layman in Methodism who has a wider knowledge of Methodist Music than the Editor of the *Choir,* Mr. James T. Lightwood? He has added another excellent book to his ' Hymn Tunes and their Story,' ' Methodist Music of the Eighteenth Century,' ' Dickens and Music,' in the shape of *Stories of Methodist Music—Nineteenth Century* (1*s.* net). Mr. Lightwood begins with John Wesley's Hymn-book and traces its history in fascinating style. Then come three chapters—all most informing —on Early Methodist Anthems. How anthems were not beloved by some of the great preachers of that day will cause the reader many a smile. Some early Psalmodists, the use of stringed instruments, and the Chapel orchestra, are chapters which every music-lover will read with delight. How early Conferences dealt with music and the reading of lines and verses will show how we have progressed since last century; and due attention is paid to the story of the introduction of organs into the churches. Mr. Lightwood closes with a reference to the latest developments in Methodist Conferences—the Musical Festivals, which have become so popular during the last few years. This shillingsworth is packed with information. No organist, choirmaster, or lover of church music should miss it.

A Delightful Gift-Book.

' A Pressed Nasturtium ' is the latest little booklet from the pen of the ever-welcome Australian writer, F. W. Boreham. It is another of his talks with John Broadbanks, and all who have read any of these may be assured that this lags not behind in interest and teaching. The story of what the pressed nasturtium meant is told with the charming touch we always expect from this writer. And he adds a delightful sketch of Granny who braved the mighty deep from Scotland to New Zealand when it took nearly six months to make the journey. How she toiled, and with her husband made good in the far-off days when the paths were untrodden and the interior uninhabited! And then there came the day when Mr. Boreham went to see her for the last time. There she lay in her tiny room waiting the end, and after he had read to her, ' In My Father's house are many mansions,' she rose, and with our author kneeling she placed her thin worn hands on his head and gave him her benediction, sinking back and very quickly passing into the great beyond. This little work is just the thing to send to friends, particularly on special occasions (6*d.* and 1*s.*)

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